

the LINK

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COLN'S RELIGION
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TO MARY HATHORN





THE LINK



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NO. 2

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ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

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IN THIS ISSUE

LEGENDS grow up swiftly around great men and tend to accent their greatness while hiding their weakness. Washington and Lincoln, whose births we celebrate this month, are the most legendary of all Americans; the one we call our country's Founder, the other its Savior. Yet, we possess enough "hard" information about each to perceive the man within the legend. The facts clearly establish that each

was a man touched by the Spirit of the Almighty. Each had an acute sense of God's presence. As a result, each, possessing innate leadership ability, brought vision and a sound perspective to an age of crisis.

You, too, can gain a right perspective on life through an infusion of the selfsame Spirit. Ask God for it; it is his choicest gift. Lent is a good time to begin.

Edward I. Swanson
Editor

S T A F F

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Algae: a miraculous source of protein.

The ^{Tom}_{Thumb} Plant

That May Feed the World

By Stanley Jacobs

PICTURE a world in which finding food is no problem. A time when the most impoverished nations will feed their people without worrying whether tomorrow's meal is coming in a CARE package or in a Red Cross relief shipment.

Such a prospect may seem visionary, but scientists in many lands are pinning their hopes for a well-nourished future on a green plant so tiny that even if it were magnified 3,000 times it would scarcely fill a thimble!

This not-so-secret weapon in the global war against hunger is *Chlorella*, a species of algae. Even a small land area the size of Rhode Island could grow enough of this edible algae to provide the world's soaring population with at least half its protein.

And because these hardy little plants thrive in all kinds of weather, the time is coming when algae—cultivated in backyard pools or in sunny roof-top tanks—will furnish enough protein each day for a family of six or more people.

Farmers and stockmen, worried over feed costs, are becoming algae-conscious. The cheap, dried algae fed to cattle results in heftier, healthier animals and juicier steaks and pork chops. Chicks thrive on it. Pet food manufacturers say that algae pellets make an inexpensive and healthful nutrition supplement for dogs and cats.

THERE are 18,000 varieties of algae. Some are microscopic, one-celled organisms. Others are massive plants as large as bushes.

Algae flourish from the tropics to the polar regions. They have been discovered atop ice-locked mountains as well as in steamy geysers.

But these pin-head-sized miracle plants most frequently are found floating as green scum in oceans, lakes, ponds, rivers and creeks. Despite their unprepossessing appearance, they contain more protein than most vegetables. They also abound in fats and carbohydrates. On a diet of *Chlorella*, you would thrive on the ten essential amino acids plus all of the vitamins except Vitamin C.

The lowly *Chlorella* are helpful to persons suffering from Hansen's Disease, commonly known as leprosy. The Carnegie Institute is testing a nutritional supplement composed of algae in the world's leper colonies and hospitals. Other medical uses for the amazing little plant are being investigated in the laboratories.

Algae, unseen but busy, purify our drinking water constantly. When they are put to work digesting the sewage from a city of 100,000 inhabitants, these industrious tiny plants can reclaim as much as 10,000,000 gallons of water each day. This is especially significant to water-short regions in the Middle East and in North America.

Within a decade, this greenish scum may provide oxygen for space-men who will hurtle toward the moon and other planets. To prove

this, Biologist Joe D. McClure, encased in his space suit, was locked into a 9 by 5 foot tank at the Boeing Aircraft laboratory in Seattle.

Connected to his glassed-in cubicle by pipes were several billion single-celled algae, or *Chlorella*. Resembling pea-green soup, the organisms were housed in tall columns of transparent plastic which were brilliantly illuminated by fluorescent lamps to stimulate their growth.

Millions of tiny bubbles, enriched with oxygen provided by the algae, surged up the plastic columns and enabled McClure to breathe comfortably for 24 hours of his simulated space voyage. McClure's daughter Vicki had baked a batch of algae cookies for him. They didn't taste as good as sugar buns, but her dad and Boeing's "algologists" believe they point the way to nourishment and survival in outer space.

ALGAE, scorned and considered useless, have been around for tens of thousands of years. But it was only recently that scientists began noting the amazing qualities of this almost invisible little plant. At Stanford Research Institute in Palo Alto, California, biologists built the first large-scale algae culture factory in 1948.

Three years later, German scientists reported with wonder on algae's newly-discovered food value. Next, the famed Arthur D. Little Laboratories in Cambridge, Massachu-

“. . . a cheap and plentiful supply of food which could banish the spectre of famine . . .”

“... could power our vehicles, heat and refrigerate homes, and furnish low-cost electricity.”

setts, built a pilot plant and proved that large-scale cultivation of edible algae was possible, with a yield of 17½ tons of food per acre.

By 1955, there was mounting excitement in the scientific world over these findings. In the food-short nations, new hope arose. Japanese, Dutch, Venezuelan and British investigators also found algae to be a cheap and plentiful food supply which could banish the spectre of famine.

Though it is only 2/10,000ths of an inch in diameter, *Chlorella* efficiently convert carbon dioxide to oxygen and transforms light into protein. If you visit Purdue University, you will see a working algae factory which depends on sunlight and electric lamps. The light speeds up the plants' life cycle and larger harvest results.

Every year we use 31 billion gallons of gasoline: the world's petroleum supply is shrinking drastically. But algae may save the day. Already scientists have obtained usable methane gas which is thrown off by the plants during their decaying and fermentation stages. Produced on huge algae farms, this bottled gas in the future could power our vehicles, heat and refrigerate homes, and furnish low-cost electricity.

In fact, scientists believe that as little as 10% of the earth's land surface — devoted to algae cultivation — probably could satisfy the

total food and fuel needs of mankind.

And Dr. William J. Oswald of the University of California says that just one pound of dried algae could produce enough power to run an average house and all its appliances for a full hour in the evening.

AMERICA alone throws away enough organic wastes each day to produce 10,000 tons of edible, nourishing algae. How much is 10,000 tons? *A million acres of the world's finest farm land can't produce this much food daily!*

But healthful food for human beings and animals is being salvaged from a city's waste in Richmond, California. In the world's first large-scale experiment of this type, raw sewage from Richmond's homes and many factories is pumped into a shallow pond less than an acre in size. The decomposing gunk in the water provides nourishment for millions of voracious tiny algae in this prototype of an urban *Chlorella* farm.

University of California scientists in Richmond, California, extract forty pounds of dry, dark-green powder from their “manufactured” algae every 24 hours. It smells like alfalfa and tastes like grass. In powder or pellet form, it is power-packed with nutrition. Says one awed algae watcher,

“These microscopic plants are unbelievable! They can be harvested

at the rate of forty to fifty tons per acre each year. But the most enterprising farmers today get only two tons of field crops per acre. Think of it: algae, which cost virtually nothing, may ultimately provide 25 times the amount of food farmers now can coax from their land."

Almost no human labor is required to run an algae farm or factory. At the Richmond installation, the whole process is conducted without workers. Raw sewage pours in at one end, and pure water and edible algae emerge from the other.

Other *Chlorella* farms of the future may be located on great stretches of desert and other non-productive land. An algae farm in such an arid region requires just a little water. The algae, thriving in the sun, would grow in plastic tanks and pipes laid on the ground or on the roofs of the buildings. Living, growing and multiplying in a minimum amount of water, the algae would be harvested automatically, dried and shipped to consumers by rail or truck.

At present, a successful 100-acre algae farm would cost more than \$4,000,000 to construct. Expensive equipment and delicate automatic controls are required to grow algae in huge amounts. Today's price of edible powder or pellets is high — around twenty cents a pound.

But this cost is expected to drop to a penny or less per pound when algae finally are grown in vast commercial quantities.

CHLORELLA's growth rate is fantastic: multiplying at dizzying speed, it creates seven times its own volume in a single day. This hardy, plentiful food, though tiny, thrives in almost all lands and climates. But even if it is not found in a few parts of the world, the dried powder or pellets could be airlifted to hungry people at little cost.

Even the protein-famished Eskimos can grow nutritious algae as far north as the Arctic Circle. These plants could multiply and furnish food at three-day intervals in tropical climates and in India where famine is an ever-present, ever-terrible threat.

The biologists and botanists who are changing the humble algae into palatable food for mankind are not scared by the so-called population explosion. As one said,

"God put everything on this earth for a purpose. Even the lowly algae. He gave man brains and awareness of his bounty. Now it is up to us to find uses for these natural resources. Then mankind will no longer face sickness or death from hunger." ■ ■

IF we don't take some sort of rational approach to in-depth agriculture, only the very, very rich will be able to eat natural food.

—Graham Kerr

TV's Galloping Gourmet

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 18, Office of Senator Bennett; page 26, U.S. Coast Guard; page 31, U.S. Army; page 39, H. Armstrong Roberts; pages 56-9, U.S. Navy.

Who's Celebrating Communion?

By Arline A. Newton

AMERICANS know instinctively how to act at a football game. Not only are their actions spontaneous; they are *en masse*. The fans are enthusiastic or they wouldn't be there in the first place — tickets cost too much and are too hard to get! Even though spectators, they participate energetically from the stands. They are emotionally involved. An evident and instant friendship binds together these backers of the same team. For a few hours they almost form a brotherhood.

Compare to this the spirit of the Communion service. Obviously, one cannot draw the analogy out to extremes. The same type of behavior is certainly not appropriate for both

occasions. Can it be, however, that the spirit which characterizes the football fan should also be of the same genre as that which moves the communion celebrant?

Is *celebrant* the right word here? In the Roman Catholic Church it refers to the priest who officiates at the Mass. In the Methodist ritual I don't find the word at all. I'm assuming that Webster's definition "one who celebrates a public religious rite," can qualify me as a celebrant. That is, if I'm actually celebrating.

But I rarely do. And let's face it, neither do most laymen. It's no secret that attendance is usually down on the Sunday when Com-

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munion is served. In many of our churches this is once a month. Where there are two morning services, the Communion is most apt to be offered at the early one. Some get around it by having it "available" on any Sunday morning during the Church School hour. No matter what you do with it, it doesn't seem to be much of a cause for celebration these days.

Is Communion Obsolete?

One teenager commented: "Looks to me like one of those old things the Church has had for so long, they don't know how to get rid of it. My folks say it's a *sacrament*, that Jesus said we *have* to do it, whether we like it or not. But what about my Quaker friends? Frankly, I'm not concerned about what's going to happen to them. They seem to manage without it." How dare he? How blasphemous! How religiously illiterate he is! And how do we answer him? Are we celebrating? Observing? If so, what?

At the last Communion service I attended I sat behind a young serviceman who was home on leave, attending church with his parents. Even if I hadn't known him and his outlook on life, one glance at his face during that hour would give you the message that came from within him: "You hypocrites, you liars, you mouthers-of-words, you goers-through-the-motions!" To be in physical proximity to him was like standing in a Nebraska blizzard.

I saw him looking at the expressionless faces that he knew, people reading the same familiar words for

the umpteenth time. He didn't smirk but I wondered with him how many of us were thinking about giving the Holy Spirit any chance to "cleanse the thoughts of our hearts." When the minister issued the invitation, I sensed his doubt that all 500 of us did "truly and earnestly repent" us of our sins. He and I both knew that many of us were neither "in love and charity" with our neighbors, and as for any intention of "leading a new life . . ." well, need I go on? Of course, I have no way of knowing what was going on inside the other 499 people there, but that service was *not* a celebration. Unhappy children were glared at; words were written out so no one would do or say the wrong thing

"One only celebrates that about which he cares."

at the wrong time. The performance was completed within the sixty minute allowed.

Jesus' Intention

One gets the impression from Biblical accounts that it was the actuality of being together at a meal that Jesus wanted to perpetuate. The bread he gave became changed, not into the actual flesh of Jesus, but into new life, energy, strength, deeds, expressions of love and caring. When we consider the life of Jesus, when we follow it, are guided by it, and *celebrate it together*, new life, energy and strength flow into us.

In a *Saturday Review* article Harvey Cox points out the fact that

man has all but lost his capacity for genuine and joyous celebration.

Consequently, Western Christian culture, though we rightly speak of it as "highly developed" in some senses, is woefully underdeveloped in others. It has produced too many pedestrian personalities whose capacity for vision and ecstasy is sadly crippled. It has resulted in a deformed man whose sense of a mysterious origin and cosmic destiny has nearly disappeared.¹

To be able to celebrate, or even to desire to celebrate, results from a certain frame of mind, a certain style of life. One only celebrates that about which he cares. The reason the whole crowd in the grandstand jumps to their feet at the same time is because they are all caught up in a common concern. They all care deeply about what happens next.

Little to Celebrate

Perhaps you feel that in a world which includes Biafra, Vietnam, child abuse and urban ghettos there is little to celebrate. But the simple fact of life is a cause for joy — the wonder of being alive, of nature, yes, even of man. Despite the truth of Paul's "For I do not do what I want, but I do what I do not want," there is nevertheless also evidence of a man created in God's own image, one who is "a little lower than the angels." Those of us who do experience love and concern should *celebrate* that fact. Like cheer leaders in the sanctuary, we

should awaken those around us to that in life which is worth celebrating. It's bound to bring more happiness and love and care into the world. That which is being celebrated will be compounded in the very act of celebration.

The dominance of the theme of alienation in all the arts today is a direct result of a lack of our celebrating together. One of Webster's definitions of celebrate is to honor or observe. But we don't observe any more. Either it is too painful to our consciences, or we don't have the time to bother. As for a baseball player, it's "to breakfast, to ballpark, to bat, to bank, to bed." What's to celebrate in that?

Just what is it that's lacking? What can release us to want to celebrate life? Is life *for* us or against us? Is there a way out or not? Is life an adventure or an agony to be endured? Is there any wonder left in life, or do we know it all? Are we thankful for the mere fact of existence, for being allowed to be — not to speak of the unfathomable gift of being loved by another?

We Must Celebrate!

We must now ask ourselves if the coming together to reenact the Lord's Supper *can* be an act of celebration. According to the ritual "All people who intend to lead a Christian life are invited to receive this holy Sacrament." Isn't the fact of intending to lead a Christian life *in itself* a cause for great joy? Everytime we consciously reaffirm this desire, are we not celebrating the essence of Jesus' life? We rejoice that

he exists! When we hear such Good News as "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any one hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me," how can we do other than celebrate? If forgiveness of our sins doesn't bring us together, can reconciliation ever be a reality?

In the celebration of the Lord's Supper we are literally offered life and love. We have both the opportunity to accept and the responsibility to share. And how can this be

done more naturally, more humanly than to celebrate together!

Let us break bread together on
our knees . . .

Let us drink wine together on
our knees . . .

Let us praise God together on our
knees . . .

¹ "In Praise of Festivity" by Harvey Cox. *Saturday Review*, October 25, 1969.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Psalm 66; Matt. 5:3-12; 1 Cor. 11:23-29

1. Most of our celebrations keep alive memories of some significant past event. Think through the various occasions in your personal world and try to identify the specific event being celebrated in each instance.

2. Precisely what do we commemorate — or celebrate — in Communion?

3. The ceremonial use of food and drink is not unique to Communion. Discuss other kinds of celebration in which eating and drinking plays a part. Why do you think this is important to people?

4. How do the practices of our churches promote celebration in Communion? How do they impede it?

5. What might be done to make Communion a more obvious occasion of celebration?

"You Coming, Doctor?"

By Marion F. Ash

"An hour later it was less hopeless."

FOR HOURS now Crossville had been cut off from the outside world. The town, like a huge lighthouse, sat high and dry, with miles of water surrounding it in all directions.

For hours now everyone had been in bed, sound asleep. Suddenly, Frank Weber felt his wife Wilma's hand on his shoulder and heard her frightened whispering close beside him. "They've been at the door, and now they're under the window. What do they want?"

"Doctor, of course," he said, at once awake and getting out of bed. "People in these backwoods don't cater to appointments — and night doesn't stop them."

"But — but why didn't they use the telephone?"

And then when she said, "Oh,"

Frank realized his wife remembered phone service had been out since the storm.

"You're surely not going to leave me alone?" Wilma whimpered.

Frank knew his wife's fears were well founded — the storm, the evening broadcast, warning the Crossville residents to be on the lookout for Butch Bailey, an escaped convict. The report said that he had been wounded, and he would probably make it to the Bailey farm, a swampy, run-down place four miles north of town.

He made no reply, and Wilma scrambled from the bed and hurried to the other room to see about little Willie. Frank walked to the window, opened it, and leaned out. Two black figures stood under the window, gaunt and rigid with the

purpose that had brought them out in the night. Straight and stiff and black they stood, their faces upturned to the window. Behind them the black of the night was just turning to gray. The doctor's eyes took in the look of the night quicker than his ears grasped the sense of the slow voices beneath the window.

"Dr. Weber, you're wanted," one was saying. "We've come to fetch you."

"Who wants me?" asked the doctor. Then in a flash of incredulous amazement, "You're not the Bailey boys? You possibly couldn't have made it through all those waters!"

"We did, doctor."

"Why? Who wants me?"

"Butch. You'd better come. Butch won't like it if you don't." The voice held a certain menacing half-plea, and half-warning tone.

Dr. Frank was silent for a moment, speculating what the consequences might be if he refused to go, and what they might be if he did.

"You comin', doctor?" one of them called.

"How'd you get here?" Frank asked, leaning farther out of the window.

"A flatboat. It's safe."

For another moment Frank stood thinking.

"Okay," he finally said. "I'll be down in a minute."

He turned, and brushed into his wife. He was glad he couldn't see her eyes in the darkened room. Hurriedly he pulled on his clothes, hoping she would not speak. But he

heard it coming — the gasp, the frightened whisper. "You're not going with them, Frank!"

"What kind of a doctor would I be if I didn't?"

"You can't go all that way in a flatboat?"

"They did."

"Frank, why should you go? If you help that convict, you might incriminate yourself."

"That may be," the doctor agreed hastily. "But it's my duty." He dared not tell her his own fears based on the threats from the two men below.

"If you're killed who's to look after me or Willie?" Her voice was pinched with fear. "If you go, do you hear, I'll never speak to you again. I shall hate you!"

"You don't mean that," he said. "You can't."

Then she threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Frank, I love you," she sobbed. "I shall die if I lose you."

Then after a moment, "Your raincoat and boots are downstairs. I'll get them while you put your bag together."

And at the door she said, "You were right, I love you for going."

Quickly he kissed her, and then stepped out to meet the two men waiting for him.

"Have you got a light?" he asked.

"Had a lantern," the one called Pete growled, "but clumsy Bob here got careless like and let it fall overboard."

"I've a flashlight in the bag," said the doctor, pulling it out and flashing it on to see if it worked.



THE MEN walked down to the water's edge where the boat, bobbing up and down like a giant cork, was tied to some saplings.

Dr. Frank stood looking at it for a moment. The Bailey brothers boarded first and then held it steady for the doctor, who stepped in gingerly and sat down in the stern, nursing his satchel between his knees.

The boat moved forward into comparatively quiet waters. Now and then they passed a stump or a tree. But the farther they went, the water became deeper, and the waves larger.

The doctor found himself think-

ing about Wilma though he didn't want to think of Wilma now. The waves came huge and black up over the boat, again and again they came until the bottom of the boat was soaking wet. Pete and Bob bent their laboring backs over the oars, digging in with quick short strokes.

Dr. Frank picked up a pail and began bailing water, glad to keep his angry thoughts from running around like caged rats.

"How badly is your brother wounded?" he asked, feeling he had a right to know what to expect.

Pete just grunted, and Bob dug in harder with his oar.

"Has he lost a lot of blood?"

"We're not pill pushers," Pete snapped harshly.

Frank dropped the bucket, and its clang caused Pete to look back. "Keep bailing," he ordered, "if you value your life."

Suddenly the waves grew quieter, and he could see a light ahead and the long dark bulk of land. It shaped itself into a dim line of house and sheds close down by the water's edge, and he knew he had reached the Bailey's.

The men pulled the boat in close to a plank walk and threw a rope out to a post. Frank, clutching the satchel in his hands, stepped from the rocking boat onto the boards. The three walked quickly up the soggy path to the little shack. Bob opened the door and Dr. Frank followed him in.

BUTCH Bailey was sitting in an old-fashioned rocker, a large coat thrown loosely over his shoulders, and the point of a pistol was partly protruding from under one of the folds.

Mom Bailey came hurrying from one of the side-rooms. "Here at last," she said in not too friendly a tone. She turned to Bob. "Give Dr. Weber a cup of hot coffee before he does anything."

The convict moved uneasily in his chair, his eyes never leaving the doctor.

"Probably I'd better take a look at the wounds first," the doctor said.

"It's not me you come to see," Butch growled, his voice strained with tension and husky with pent-up emotion. "'Tis my wife in yon-

der. She's goin' have a baby, and if you want to see your family again, you'd better not fumble."

"A baby!" Frank looked at Mom Bailey, and when she nodded, he said, "Why — I was under the impression . . ."

"That's the way we wanted you to think," said the convict. "We knew . . ."

"But why wasn't she taken to a hospital before the water got high?" the doctor cut in sharply. "This is no place for her."

"The only place that'd let an escaped convict see his baby when it's born," said Butch, getting up from the rocker and starting for the room. "And I'm aimin' on seeing it done properly."

The doctor followed Butch and his mother into the bedroom. In the lamp's feeble light he saw a drawn white face, a face that seemed made up only of lines of pain.

He turned to look at Butch who had taken a seat by the door. The bulge under the coat was still there, but it wasn't the bulge that bothered Dr. Frank. It was the convict's eyes. Such deep ferocity of purpose burned therein as they fastened on the doctor, that his numbed sense of safety vanished and he suddenly felt himself in greater danger than he had all evening.

He took off his raincoat, took up his satchel and went to the bed to what looked like a hopeless job.

An hour later it was less hopeless. He paused an instant to look around the room, which was fresher since he got them to open the window.



By the door the convict still sat, keeping silent vigil, clutching the heavy coat about him, still holding onto the gun.

Frank went on with his job, Mom Bailey assisting. In another hour, the job was finished. An apparently lifeless scarlet scrap of female humanity had been produced and slapped, squeezed, bathed in shock after shock of now cold, now hot water, into life. The young mother was sleeping now; she would live, and should continue to do so.

HE straightened his shoulders, turning around again, half expecting some comment from the father who had brought him out on a night like this; but only the glary eyes seemed interested, seemed to have taken in that momentous occasion. He looked at Butch for a

moment and then past him through the open door at the water now glistening in the morning light.

"She'll do now," he said to Mom Bailey and the old lady nodded.

"Won't you tell me," he asked, nodding toward the one who had kept vigil, "why your son is so mute about this whole thing?"

The old lady walked slowly over to the escaped convict, and pulled back his coat. What the doctor had taken for a gun was only a long-necked bottle, held tightly in his hand, a hand fastened to an arm torn and bloody.

"My son died about half an hour ago. He held on long enough to see his child."

Very calmly she picked up the doctor's coat and bag and handed them to him.

"The boys are waiting to take you back."





Senator Wallace Bennett

"A man without religious convictions is much more vulnerable."

Bennett of Utah

By Caspar Nannes

SENATOR Wallace F. Bennett's life-time affiliation with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints has become so much a part of him that he could not separate it from his work.

"I am sure that my philosophy and resulting decisions are more or less automatically colored by my religious background and training," the Utah Republican Senator explained.

"It is an unconscious rather than a conscious thing because I have been in the middle of it all my life. I have accepted the doctrines of the church and think they have influenced my personal philosophy."

But he quickly pointed out that, with one exception, the Mormon Church does not itself get involved in political issues. The exception is

the church's strong conviction concerning the right of free choice. As a result Bennett has voted for Right to Work bills and against those sponsoring compulsory unionism.

In a rather paradoxical situation he supported the late Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois in his effort to permit prayers in public schools. Bennett pointed out that when Utah was admitted to the United States in 1896 a provision was written into its State Constitution prohibiting prayers in public schools. He explained this was done because some people feared that the Mormon Church would use the public schools to indoctrinate the students.

The Utah-born solon observed that Mormons have only three set prayers — one at baptism and two

at communion. All other prayers are spontaneous.

A person's religious convictions play a major role in his public life, the Senator declared.

"I believe that men in government bring their character and philosophy, which have been shaped by affiliation with a church, with them to their office. Sometimes men crack under the pressures of that office, but if religion has been a strong enough factor in the making of the man I feel he is protected and more secure. A man without religious convictions is much more vulnerable than the man who has them."

Certainly, the 74-year-old Senator has, through the years, deepened his Mormon beliefs. As a boy of twelve he followed the traditional Mormon path of entering the priesthood and becoming a part of the church's pattern and structure.

"I have actually had church assignments since I was twelve—teaching, administrative and so on," he said.

For thirty years Bennett was a member of the church organization that prepared, without pay, all Sunday School lessons. When he first came to Washington, the new Senator began to teach Sunday School class at the Chevy Chase Ward (church) and continued to do so for fifteen years. He remarked, with a somewhat wry smile, that he is now superannuated as a teacher.

He made another contribution to the church in still another area—music. As a young man Bennett had

a good voice and decided to cultivate it with professional lessons. So accomplished a bass did he become that when the church celebrated its centennial in 1930 he was soloist at the observance.

This led to the next step. Knowing he could sing, officers of the church came to him and asked him to direct the choir. He did.

BENNETT'S entrance into politics came about through an unusual set of circumstances. Following graduation from the University of Utah in 1919 and after a year as principal of a small high school at Manassa, Colorado, he entered the family business. In 1949 he was elected president of the National Association of Manufacturers, a signal honor for the head of a small business.

To perform properly in that office, Bennett decided to take a leave of absence from the family business and turned it over to a younger brother to run. Subsequently, friends in the NAM urged him to take on Senator Elbert Thomas, a popular New Deal Democrat, in the forthcoming election.

"When the election was over, I was in the Senate and my brother was still running the business," Bennett observed. He was reelected in 1956, 1962 and 1968, but recently announced that he would not seek a fifth term.

"When I ran in 1968, I realized that I was approaching 70, and although I didn't feel it then and don't feel it now, I can't deny the calendar. As far as health and vigor

are concerned, I am not prepared to admit that I could not serve another six years, but the Senate is one place where the longer you stay the greater your burden becomes, and the risk of being unable to go through another term with all the burdens of the office is greater than ever."

Appreciative of his twenty-four years as a Senator, he still feels that "Mrs. Bennett and I would like to have some years of comparative peace in which to enjoy our children and grandchildren. I have also been tempted by the realization that I can be the first popularly elected Senator from Utah to retire voluntarily."

LOOKING back on his Senatorial career, Bennett believes the legislation he proposed which will have the most lasting affect upon the American pattern of life was the Professional Standards Review Organization amendment to last year's welfare legislation. Under this law "review groups of local doctors will be established to monitor the quality and appropriateness of health services under Medicare and Medicaid — a program which has the potential of saving billions of tax dollars."

THE operator of a sawmill wanted to buy some timber from a mountain landowner. The owner was asking the top dollar and stubbornly refused to lower his price. "Why, listen, old man," the sawmill operator protested, "I can buy just as good timber from the government a lot cheaper than that."

"Mebbe so," agreed the mountaineer. But the guvmint's in debt and I ain't!"

Bennett also considers one of his heaviest responsibilities his participation as a member of the Senate Ethics Committee in the investigation that led to the censure of the late Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut.

As a devout Mormon, the Senator does not think that his church will ever be involved deeply in the ecumenical movement because it claims divine authority through revelation. Nor, he added, will you ever find Mormon church officials in social activist movements.

Bennett comes from true pioneer stock; Mormons consider a pioneer to be one who came to Utah by horse or oxcart and before the trains. His father was three years old when *his* parents went across the plains in 1868.

The Senator has no definite plans following retirement except to include service in the church at some level. Since he has numerous friends in Washington, Bennett will probably divide his time between the Nation's Capital and Salt Lake City.

He is married to the former Frances Grant, a daughter of the late Mormon Church President Heber J. Grant. They have five children, twenty-seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. ■ ■

—Nugget

“ . . . a new sense of peace and direction came over me.”

“I Survived an Alaskan Break-up”

Told by Larry A. Headlee
to Judith Still Headlee

IF WE LOOK through a window from the inside of a lighted room, and there is darkness without, what will we see? Not the vast, shadowy landscape, but only the reflected image of ourselves staring back at us. In a sense this is how many of us who have never ventured far into God's world picture him — as someone like us, viewing creation through a glass. God stands outside and gazes upon men's lives, but rarely is prompted to lend a helping hand. Or so it seems.

It is not until we become aware of the raw environment beyond the window pane that we really experience the clarity and strength of God's power. In the tangled jungle or the dank timberland, where there are few civilized comforts to separate man from his God, and in the

desert or the bleak Arctic — where survival depends upon special Providence — the awareness of the Divine is clear and immediate.

Of course it is not always necessary to go to the far reaches of the north to find a benevolent Divinity, but that is where I found him a few years ago when I visited the frozen north sector of Alaska.

I ARRIVED in Point Barrow in the summer of 1961, a marine geologist adventuring with the Arctic Research Program of the University of Southern California, under an Office of Naval Research grant. I was young, not yet twenty-four, and I came north for adventure, not to find a philosophic truth. My provisions included geologic and biologic sampling instruments, naval

gear, scientific data and an abundance of personal confidence. This confidence was born of the notion that I, a civilized man, had a better chance of coping with the environment than the uncivilized natives because of my equipment and advanced technological know-how.

My first sight of the Eskimo village seemed to justify an attitude of superiority. It was a careless assembly of houses made with whalebone, driftwood, sod and boards, set in a cold, glaring expanse. Nearby, on the thick shore ice, whale boats were propped up on blocks. These umiaks, as they were called, were nothing more than slender fishing canoes constructed of seal skins stretched over frames. They looked as inadequate for hunting whale as the Eskimo mukluks and parkas seemed for keeping out the thirty to fifty below temperatures.

After stowing my gear in the naval quarters — a cozy room with benches all around the walls and a pot-bellied stove in the middle — I toured the small complex of buildings to learn more about Eskimo life. I found that the native diet was as sparse as the living quarters; it consisted of seal and whale meat, boiled or raw, dried white fish and pilot bread. A special "treat" was the energy-giving "muktuk," or the skin of the whale with some of the blubber attached.

I wondered at first why the Eskimos had not been quicker to improve these primitive conditions. They had ready access to some of the most modern cold-weather products brought in by the U. S. Navy

and National Guard. However, a few days in the village produced the answer.

To my amazement I discovered that my rubber boots and technologically-created parkas and boat could not keep out the cold and water as well as those made by Eskimo craftsmen. The Eskimos sewed their skins meticulously with caribou sinews so that the sinews would swell and seal the stitches to make the finished product absolutely water — and airtight. Indeed, so far superior were the "primitive comforts" to those of civilized man, that Eskimos who accompanied soldiers on survival-training courses thought that the grueling tests of stamina were marvelous fun, while the military suffered numerous casualties.

I, on the other hand, was determined not to be a casualty. To increase my adaptability I began to learn the habits of the Eskimo. While listening to the gossip in the post office I recorded their language, including slang expressions and jokes, in a small notebook. I stood with groups of men as they laughed and tugged at the dogs fighting in the snow-encrusted streets. I befriended a member of an Eskimo whaling crew, called Al Hopson, who showed me how to camouflage myself in a seal skin to sneak up on unwary seals.

After I had spent some time with Al and his friends, I began to discover what helped them to continue living in that bleak environment. It was their attitude of mingled patience and joy that sustained them

in facing the worst hardships. Perhaps they sensed that the bounty and immediacy of God's creation could bolster human beings under the most adverse conditions. In northern Alaska only a genuine good nature could make the simple life palatable.

This good nature was especially necessary on the whaling expeditions. Al Hopson told me that hunting whale was not easy in a vessel as fragile as an umiak, for the big mammals often capsized umiaks, or dragged their crews underwater. In addition, the harpoons and other equipment used in the hunt were identical to those used in 1840 when the Yankees first arrived on the scene. Yet, the Eskimos continued to go out after whale because the people of Point Barrow used the "na-chek" as their primary source of food.

SINCE whale hunts were of such importance to the natives, I was determined to ignore the dangers and have a part in this activity. I asked Al Hopson to help me get into the summer hunt. He smiled uncertainly out of the corner of his mouth and said he would think about it. Two days later he came to my quarters to help me move my gear to the whaling camp.

There were several six-man whaling teams camped out on the shore ice, and I joined one of them. This was no splendid accommodation, to be sure. A thin tent tied to loops in the ice, a few hides on the floor, a tiny stove and a five-gallon tin can for burning blubber were

the sum of it. Yet the men were never morose. Polite but talkative, they told jokes and spun yarns for hours, mixing English and Eskimo words with glee. Often heard was the phrase "a-le-pu" ("it's cold"), but not in a complaining tone—even though we had constantly to stamp on the floor and to drink very hot coffee and tea to keep warm.

At least one member of the team was always on the look-out for whale, seal or ducks, while the others played cribbage or cut cards to see who would make the next pot of tea or the next meal. Of course, getting the meals merely involved transferring a frozen duck or seal from the grub box to the boiling pot, but the Eskimos enjoyed making games out of the commonest jobs.

It was this gaming spirit that probably set me most at ease. I was so at ease, in fact, that I was again lulled into thinking that some of my modernized equipment would stand me in better stead than the native gear. When I saw that the other men refused to use sleeping bags for resting, I should have been concerned. But I could not bring myself to give up my large, down-filled Army sleeping bag.

I was not to discover the weakness of this sleeping gear until later, however. No sooner had I settled my bones in a corner when I heard the cry "Na-chek!" and we all poured out through the tent flap and headed for the boats.

THE UMIAKS belonging to the various whaling teams were

lined up near the edge of the ice. They were propped up on blocks, which served both to keep them from freezing to the ice and to provide ramps for launching. Our team slid its boat in a little ahead of the others and was soon paddling quietly but rapidly through the water.

Everyone paddled, watching the headman in the bow who set the stroke signals, while the rear-most paddler steered the course. We were fast approaching a pod of whale, but it was difficult to wield our paddles for too long at a time because of our heavy clothing. Then, as soon as we were out to sea, a low, black fog began to roll in, corrupting the blue sea and clear sky ahead. Undaunted, however, and being the closest of the dozen or so teams in pursuit of the pod, we increased our energies and spurred ahead.

The whale were diving down, feeding and coming up. Our job was to out-guess one of them, to decide where he would surface and to be prepared to harpoon him when he broke water. The onslaught of the fog meant that we would have time to chase only one whale, so we singled out a large one. When the intended victim dove, we jockeyed for position with another whaling boat that was coming up swiftly on the left. After what seemed an incredible amount of time the massive creature surfaced with such an explosive disruption of the water that he might have overturned our small craft had we been closer. Though we were far

enough away to stay afloat, we were still near enough to see the gigantic curve of the mammal's mouth, stretching six or seven feet across, and his eye, tiny in relation to the rest of him but still as big as a tennis ball.

We could not have missed him with the harpoon at that distance, but the whale had come up on the left-hand side of our boat, while the harpoon, bomb gun and line were on the right side. If the harpoon were fired from right to left, the line, running out at skin-scorching speed, might have become snarled around a paddler's arm or leg and dragged him into the water. Once overboard the man would have died from the shock of the icy water. Under these circumstances the Eskimos preferred to lose the whale rather than to risk a possible loss of life among the men. So, we sat helpless while the team on the left of the whale harpooned him and came in for the kill with a long lance. But when the blackish-red whale blood gushed into the water, our men were not jealous of the other team's victory. They were as jubilant as if the victory had been theirs.

When the whale was ready to be pulled ashore and divided, all of the Eskimos in the village came to help, displaying their uncanny ability to find pleasure in doing what had to be done. Ramps, blocks and tackle assisted in the work, but everyone, women and children, youths and oldsters, pulled on the ropes. Pulling, they whooped and hollered gaily, and laughed with-

out embarrassment when at intervals they slipped and fell on their bottoms.

When at last the whale was on shore, the muktuk was cut and boiled first, and everyone enjoyed eating it while the rest of the whale was sliced. In the division no one was left out, not even the last sled dog, for the entrails were the canine

whale and come back unharmed made me feel secure enough to outlast the next encounter.

MY SECURITY was short-lived, however — not because of the extreme cold, but because of the location of the whaling camp. In order for the men to have quick access to the sea, the camp was set



allotment. Indeed, nothing was wasted. Even the blood, lying in dark, icy globules, was sacked up to be used in the making of soup.

We were all in good spirits when the last sack of whale blood had been carried away from the shore and we went back to our tent on the ice to wait for the next whale. The fact that I had gone out for a

up on the sea ice, not on the shore. Sea ice is amazingly strong and pliable — almost rubbery in texture — but it can break up and move under certain wind and current conditions.

In some cases it can move out to sea, separating anyone on it from the shore. The stranded victim is in real danger, for it is impossible to

swim because contact with the water means being instantly frozen to death. Under other conditions the ice will move toward the shore, pile in upon itself, and crush everything in its path. To guard against this the Eskimos usually laid a spear or whaling spade over a "lead" (an open expanse of water) and sighted across it to determine whether the ice was moving. Yet, so subtle are the initial movements that an untutored person would hardly be aware of them.

Certainly, I was not aware of any such movement on my second night in camp. The six men and I had been relaxing in the tent as best we could as the evening chill pressed in through the thin walls. We seemed to be in a dark box full of frozen fog, rather than sheltered from the mist. I decided that in this extreme cold I would be better off in my sleeping bag, so I climbed in. The rest of the crew shook their heads disapprovingly at me while I tucked the comforts of modern civilization around my ears. But I hardly noticed. My limbs had found the kind of softness that nearly slips the brain from its cerebral hinges. And there, relaxed, I fell asleep.

I did not know how long I had slept before I heard the vague shouts from the look-out. Thinking that a seal had been captured, I lay back again against the broadly quilted down. But the noise did not cease. Hasty words passed among the men in the tent as they shuffled to attention. Perhaps they anticipated a whale offshore, I thought, for they leapt up as one man, gath-

ered their few weapons and tools, and forgetting my presence entirely, hurried out.

MEANWHILE, I was discovering why the Eskimo whalers did not use sleeping bags. As the sleds began pulling away, I was still struggling out of the clinging case, which had no zippered exit. Half-cramming my feet into my boots and half-scrambling out of the tent, I finally plunged into a morass of black fog so thick that I could not see the other men rushing away. I tried to follow the yelps of the fleeing dogs, but sensed that I was moving diagonally rather than directly toward the shore. Suddenly I slipped on the ice and fell. Reaching out to try to push myself up again, my hand plummeted over a broken edge of the ice into sub-zero ocean water. In my haste, I had almost stepped into a lead, which cut obliquely across my path.

There was no telling whether I could jump across the gaping crack, but now in the background came the low rumble of masses of cleaving ice. My thoughts were erupting from the bounds of reason like geysers. I dimly perceived only two things — that behind me seethed the incredible forces of raw nature, and beneath me stretched the edge of doom.

I lurched to my feet, unbalanced by the slipping ice and stinging sea spray. A shaft of wind hit me from behind and I jumped away from it, over the crack and into the boiling blackness. One foot hit solidly on the ice on the opposite side, the

other caught on the edge. I began to fall back into a dark liquid coffin, when a strong, sure hand caught mine and pulled me up.

Standing for a moment confused, I expected to find a friendly Eskimo face staring back at me. I blinked the spray from my eyes and squinted through the fog—the perspiration froze the creases in my forehead. There was no one there. I whirled around. There was no one within touching or calling distance. The shock of knowing that I was utterly alone, pivoting between the real and the unreal, sent me racing away from that shore.

There was barely time to reach the high pressure ridges before the sea ice came crashing and rolling in. I found the others as quickly as I could and collapsed gratefully onto one of the loaded dog sleds. The men all appeared surprised to see me, for they had missed me as soon as they had escaped the break-up. Their excitement as they rubbed snow on my hand, which had been half-frozen by its plunge into the water, convinced me that they really had not known where I had been. It was certain that none of them had pulled me away from the fissure.

The idea of having been saved by someone I could not see occupied my mind for a long while thereafter. Strangely enough, however, I was not disturbed—rather, a new sense of peace and direction

came over me. When the wind blew offshore and the ice moved back out to sea, I found it much easier to camp near the water without my Army sleeping bag.

THE REST of the summer progressed with marked success. Our crew soon went out and came home with a whale of its own. In fact, all of the crews together brought in the seasonal quota of eight whales, upon which the entire village could live for the rest of the year. After the hunt, we all joined in the Nalagatuk, the annual celebration. Here again, in play as in work, the Eskimos displayed their irrepressible joy and faith in the bounties of nature that brought sunlight into an all-too-often steel-gray environment. They entered fully into the spirit of their stomping, jerking dances and blanket-toss games.

When the Nalagatuk was over, I experienced a deep feeling of personal satisfaction over the events of the season. I returned to my scientific work, assembling data and samples, and learning to reconcile my findings with the natural knowledge of the Eskimos. Above all, I ceased to wonder what had happened to the man who had saved me from the break-up. Looking out over the vast, shadowless landscape, from Point Barrow to the sea, I felt the presence of the One who waits without, until it is his will to lend a helping hand. ■ ■

DILIGENCE is the mother of good luck.

— Benjamin Franklin

A POW of long ago.

These Yankee Rebels

By Anna K. Leonard

JONATHAN Morgan, handsome in his new soldier's uniform, stood with his wife, Betsy, and their children a little apart from the assembled crowd.

It was a tearful farewell. To have one's husband in the British Regulars was one thing, but to have him sent 3,000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean to subdue those Yankee rebels was quite another.

Of course, it would not take long. Everyone conceded that, but the American colonies were a long way off and the New England winters were notoriously severe. Then, the savage Indians were constantly on the warpath, scalping and murdering the settlers. The year was 1775.

The last soldier was on deck, the signal given, and His Majesty's ship, FOVEY, moved out of the harbor into the English Channel.

The passengers, most of whom were soldiers, leaned far out over the rail and waved a last farewell to the dear ones left behind. Wives with children clinging to their skirts, stood waving till the figures on board became tiny specks.

Finally Betsy Morgan and her children, Marie, one year, and Felix, five, turned and made their way home. Then began the long wait for letters from the husband and father, Jonathan, in America.

TIME PASSED slowly for Betsy. She kept her house, cared for her children and earned a shilling now and then with her nimble fingers and her needle.

In due time a note, scratched on a soiled scrap of paper, reached her by way of a sailor on a troop ship. Betsy wrote letters, too, but Jonathan seldom got them. Betsy was overjoyed when the following letter arrived.

Massachusetts, May 1776

My dear Betsy: It is my fervent hope that you have at hand my earlier letter advising you of my safe arrival. We have done battle at numerous settlements since I wrote. We have lost some battles, too. These Yankee rebels are sturdy men and they believe in the righteousness of their cause. The soldiers they call "minute men" are everywhere. Many carry only hunting rifles, but they can fight. Nuisances that they are, you have to admire them.

Our officers say the Massachusetts colony is the center of the trouble. General Gage, Royal governor of the colony, designed a plan to capture a couple of troublemakers, Samuel Johnson and John Hancock, at Lexington. Then he would go on to Concord and take supplies and ammunition stored there.

Watching Yankees saw our troops start for Lexington and they hung a lantern in the church tower for a sign. Minuteman Paul Revere and another fellow, saw the lantern and rode fast horses all over the town and surrounding country to alert other minutemen.

On arriving at Lexington our forces were met by a band of these minute fellows whom we quickly scattered. No one seems to know where Adams and Hancock went. We didn't get a chance at them.

We went on to Concord but the Yankees had been there and moved most of the stores. We burned what was left and started back to Boston. Hundreds of angry minutemen poured their shot upon us the entire 16 miles. They fired from behind every stone wall, bush, house, barn and tree and from every direction.

Our losses were heavy. A bullet pierced my sleeve but I was not harmed.

There are many loyalists who have joined themselves to our forces and many who inform secretly on movement of troops and numbers of the enemy. It is rumored that the estates of the loyalists will be confiscated by the rebels (they call themselves "patriots") and sold to help finance the war. Many loyalists have turned their fine homes over to our officers for housing troops.

I long for the time when I shall again hold you and our dear children in my arms.

Farewell, my Betsy,
Jonathan

It was a great day when Jonathan's somewhat shabby letter was delivered. Betsy read and re-read it. Neighbors and relatives rejoiced with her even as she with them in similar circumstances.

The next letter was dated—

Boston, October 22, 1777

My dear Betsy: It is a sorry circumstance of which I write. For sometime past I have been with General Burgoyne . . . The battle of Saratoga has changed that for on Oct. 17th Burgoyne surrendered his entire army of more than 5,000 men to the rebel general, Gates.

We are ragged and worn. Many brave boys are missing from our ranks and many of our wounded will not survive. May God keep you and our dear children.

Farewell for now,
Jonathan



THE YEAR and a half of silence which followed that letter was almost more than Betsy could bear. Her Jonathan was a prisoner of the Yankees and prisoners were often mistreated. When the following letter came she opened it with trembling fingers.

Virginia, April 12, 1779

My dear Betsy: If I could only know that you and our precious children are well! We have been confined in block houses and ships at anchor since we were made prisoners at Saratoga. Most of our wounded died, some have managed to escape. Now we number about 4,000.

On Jan. 8th we were started on a 700 mile march from Boston to Charlottesville, Virginia. It was bitterly cold and roads were all but impassable, causing much suffering. A few officers' wives who have followed their husbands in fortune and misfortune rode along with their children in calashes.

On arriving at the new camp we found the barracks only partly constructed, due to a shortage of labor. There was a shortage of bread, also. We set to work and soon had the barracks closed in. They are beginning to be almost comfortable.

The weather has warmed. Spring has come to this beautiful country. It is the very Garden of Eden. I could be content to live here had I my Betsy and my children with me.

We have cleared the land around the barracks, erected palings and planted gardens which are doing very well. Some of the officers have rented farms, bought animals and seed and gone to farming in earnest. Some are discontent, many are deserting. The war is going badly for us it seems. The Germans among us seem most content.

We are prisoners and are guarded as such but are given considerable freedom when they find we can be trusted. Our Yankee guards are good men. Their only crime is their love of liberty.

Our camp is two miles from a fine estate owned by Thomas Jefferson, one of the leaders of the revolution. Monticello, he calls it because it is built atop a little mountain. It is said Jefferson designed it and built much of it himself. His neighbors are his loyal friends. His slaves love him because he is mindful of their welfare.

This man, Jefferson, keeps blooded horses and rides every day over his large estate when he is not in Williamsburg.

He is an accomplished violinist and his lovely wife plays the harpsichord.

Riding by our gardens, he stops to chat. He knows more about plants and planting than our top gardeners. When he learned that some of us play instruments, he invited us to his house to join with others in music. Our guards consented and we had such an evening as I shall never forget.

We were served a sumptuous meal. All ranks are treated alike. The Jeffersons ignore protocol.

We are invited to come back any time and use his books and instruments. We are his enemies but he treats us as friends. Our work on the barracks and the making of gardens have won his admiration. He is a worker himself. He is never idle and he admires thrift in others.

Some of the planters around here complained that so many prisoners in one place was causing a food shortage. They petitioned Governor Patrick Henry to move the camp and Jefferson heard about it. He immediately took up our cause with the governor saying it would be inhuman to take from us all the work of our hands.

Governor Henry believed Jefferson was right and the matter was dropped. Patrick Henry is also a leader in the rebel cause. Almost I, too, believe they are right.

Farewell, my dear ones,
Jonathan

Another year and a half passed before Betsy received the following letter.

Somewhere beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains
October 30, 1781

My dear Betsy, Marie and Felix: The war is over. Word has come to our new camp that Lord Cornwallis and 7,000 men have laid down their arms.

When our troops invaded the south we prisoners were hurried to a new camp across the mountains for fear we would be tempted to desert and join our countrymen. Many have deserted but when we are free to choose, many will stay in America.

They say the prisoners will soon be freed. When that time comes I shall hasten to my family. But, Betsy dear, I want to come back if you will come with me. The Yankees have won my admiration. I believe in their cause. This is the land of opportunity, the place for our children to

Farewell until I see you,
Jonathan

The Religion of



By William H. Hudnut III
Member of Congress

(Ed. Note: A Clergyman of the United Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Hudnut was elected to the 93rd Congress on November 7, 1972, from the 11th District of Indiana, which includes his home city, Indianapolis. He was the subject of a feature article in the July, 1973 issue of the LINK. The sermon, preached on October 14, 1973, is notable for its choice of subject matter and its timeliness.)

WHEN I first came to the Congress last January, one of the more senior members introduced himself to me and asked what I used to do "in real life." I replied that I was a Presbyterian clergyman. Whereupon he clapped his hand to his head and exclaimed, "Good night — you preachers are really taking over this place." To which I replied, "Yeah, that's right. There are five of us and only 289 of you lawyers."

Well, even though I am a Congressman, I am still a minister. As a matter of fact, I once had to remind the President of this. Back in March, when my wife and I were

here for a worship service and were going through the receiving line afterwards, the President introduced me to the presiding clergyman with the remark, "You know, this man used to be a minister." Somewhat taken aback, I responded, "Well, Sir, I still am!" Somewhat taken aback himself, the President replied, "You are?" To which I rejoined; "Yes Sir. Just because I beat a Democrat doesn't mean I was defrocked!"

WHEN a group of Congressmen was here about a month ago, I noticed that the famous Lincoln portrait that had

Abraham Lincoln

A Sermon Preached
at the White House

been positioned over the fireplace in the State Dining Room was missing. I assumed it had been taken down to be cleaned, but upon inquiry discovered that it had been moved over here to the East Room where more people could see it. Knowing that it would be here this morning, and realizing that this would be the first worship service in this room since the portrait was hung here, I decided to talk about the religion of Abraham Lincoln. Would it not be appropriate to deal with such a subject, which would present us with an opportunity to explore the moral foundations of democracy and find some common



“The popular image of Lincoln in the White House as a man of prayer has solid basis in fact.”

ground on which we could all stand this morning regardless of denominational affiliation or political party?

Lincoln's religion was rooted in an extensive knowledge of the Bible and an intensive life of prayer.

Lincoln once said of the Bible: “It is the best gift God has given to man,” and he knew it through and through. Not only were his speeches steeped in biblical phraseology, but his whole way of thinking was profoundly biblical.

He also sought God's guidance constantly through prayer whenever he wanted to pass through the tides of political expediency to stand on bedrock. God was for him “a refuge and a strength, a very present help in time of trouble.” The popular image of Lincoln in the White House as a man of prayer has solid basis in fact. “I have been driven many times upon my knees,” he said to his newspaper friend, Noah Brooks, “by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.”

LINCOLN has been called “A Christian without a creed” because he expressed the fruits of Christian living with rare integrity and charm even though he never belonged to the institutional church. Consider some examples.

There was his humor, which he used to reduce the self-assertion of the ego, whether it was his or others. “Why don't you laugh?” he

once asked his Cabinet when, after reading to them a selection from a contemporary humorist, he looked up to see a circle of unsmiling faces. “If I didn't laugh under the strain that is upon me day and night I should go mad. And you need that medicine as well as I.”

There was his humility. He did not take himself too seriously. Much of his spiritual greatness lay in the way he could hold to strong moral positions without the usual accompanying self-righteousness or smugness. He often mentioned his desire to serve as “a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty.”

There was his gratitude, his capacity to say thanks and count his blessings. He knew how to say thanks to God — “We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven,” he once reminded the American people; and he knew how to say thanks to men: “Thanks to all,” he said after a great victory made possible by the heroic sacrifice of brave soldiers in the field. “Thanks to all. For the great Republic, for the principle it lives by and keeps alive, for man's vast future, thanks to all.”

Again, there was his compassion. He was a man who could love, forgive, demonstrate compassion and concern and sympathy. He had a magnanimity, a greatness of spirit about him that truly exemplified the love of God. I see it in his First Inaugural: “We are not enemies,

but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection." And see it in his Second Inaugural: "With malice toward none, with charity for all . . ." It was his qualities of forbearance, forgivingness, kindness, patience and charitableness that evoked a loving, trusting response in return from so many common folk, and enabled Tolstoy to call him "A Christ in miniature." And another fruit of his religion that we might note was his courage. His faith freed him from fear. A high and unshakable resolve, an invincible hope, an indomitable spirit, characterized him. When times were tough, he did not give up. As he said to the special session of Congress in July 1861, after the disaster at Bull Run: "Let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear." There was an heroic quality about him that was contagious, and that helped to carry the nation through a tragic time.

BUT if Lincoln's religion was rooted in things like his knowledge of the Bible and his practice of prayer, and if it expressed itself in visible characteristics like humor, humility, gratitude, compassion and courage, it centered on certain key concepts — and I'd like to mention three.

FIRST, there was his concept of "this nation under God," the sublime phrase in speaking the Gettysburg Address. Lincoln was rescued from fanaticism by his per-

ception that all men, rulers and ruled alike, occupy a position subordinate to their Creator. He never fell into the trap of idolatry. He never made a god out of the nation or himself or a particular point of view.

Lincoln did not deify himself because he held an important position. Undoubtedly, he would have appreciated the story about the sixteenth-century English bishop, reformer and martyr, Hugh Latimer, who was invited to preach before King Henry VIII. Latimer kept marveling to himself, "Isn't it wonderful I'm going to preach before the King of England?" But then he heard a still small voice within saying, "Latimer, Latimer, remember — you're going to preach before the King of Kings." Such an awareness of the transcendent sovereignty of God, before whose throne the nations rise and pass away, is necessary if we are going to avoid moral decay, both personal and national.

Every time I sit in the House and see the words engraved in marble above the Speaker's chair, "In God We Trust," I think about the meaning of Lincoln's phrase, "this nation under God." An indispensable part of our heritage is that we believe our nation must rely on God. Said Lincoln:

“. . . it is the duty of nations as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to

mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord."

The value of the concept, "this nation under God," is that it supplies a corrective to the tendency to idolize the nation by equating God with America or the American way of life or American foreign policy. Lincoln was always conscious, as every truly religious person is, that his own country must stand before the Almighty's bar of judgment. I have heard religion prized because it provides an underpinning for "our way of life." I have heard democracy equated with Christianity and God's cause with America's. People who make this equation do not appreciate that there is a great difference between worshipping God and domesticating him. There is a great difference between looking upon him as the Lord of all nations and regarding him as the ally of one. There is a great difference between saying humbly, "My country for God," and boasting, "God for my country." There is a great difference between making this a nation under God and making a god of this nation. There is a great difference between humbly praying, as Lincoln did, that we may be on God's side, and self-righteously asserting that he is on ours.

Such humility can alone save us from the tyranny that inevitably results when the State or a ruling

oligarchy within it is deified. The concept "this nation under God" is necessary to save us from becoming a government of men instead of a government of laws, and in the long run, to save us from autocracy. As Professor John Hallowell observed in his fine book on "The Moral Foundation of Democracy":

"... this is the issue which sharply separates the totalitarian states in the modern world from the democracies. The totalitarian state is made possible only by the denial of a higher allegiance, and its totalitarian character arises from a refusal to acknowledge the existence of a sphere of human life over which no political control may legitimately be exercised. Democracies recognize that there are aspects of human life which the State may not legitimately control; and that recognition has its roots, when it is recognized, in the teachings of the Christian religion. Above the authority of the State, there is the authority of God, and this is precisely what the totalitarian states refuse to acknowledge."

A SECOND important concept of Lincoln's religion, besides "this nation under God," is this sentence from his Second Inaugural: "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in." His emphasis invariably fell on doing what was right as God gave him to see it. The country boy who once walked miles from his New Salem store in order to reimburse a customer, the youth who came to

be known as "Honest Abe" because he went to great pains to clear a debt that a partner had contracted, at the pinnacle of his power kept reminding the American people that government was the public's business, that political pragmatism must yield to political morality, and that doing the right as God gave him to see the right should never be abandoned for the sake of political expediency. "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right . . ."

What Lincoln is suggesting, it seems to me, is that we should never fence off government as an unmoral field but rather, in the words of former Senator Paul Douglas, "treat the whole area of government as a vital part of ethical life which we should try to conduct on the highest possible level."

Lincoln held to a deep set of moral values so that in the rough and tumble world of public life where success was all too often identified with wealth, power and fame, such things as honesty, integrity, fidelity, and compassion could become the constituent elements of our national self. The faults people see in their government are frequently the reflection of their own moral failures, and what we always need, if the regenerative powers of democracy and of the human spirit are to win great victories in the continual moral struggle that is going on within each of us and within society, is that commitment of which Lincoln spoke to doing the right as God gives us to see it.



THE THIRD phrase of Lincoln's, that we can use as a touchstone for our thinking, is taken from an address he delivered to the New Jersey Senate at Trenton in 1861 where he spoke of America as God's "almost chosen people." Lincoln profoundly believed that God works in history in general, and was at work in American history in particular. He called God the "great disposer of events."

He believed in a sovereign God who cared enough about his creation to be involved in it. This great God wanted to work through his children to build a better world. He was not remote, but very near at hand, very much an influence in the affairs of men. This was Lincoln's bedrock faith. Like the prophets of old, he had a prophetic understanding of our nation's history. He saw the entire American panorama in terms of God's judgments and

“Without the assistance of that Divine Being . . . I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well.” — Springfield Farewell, 1861

mercies. He understood history, not as a series of unconnected events, but as the working out of God's will. “The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether,” he said. Or, to quote one of his favorite phrases, “The will of God prevails.”

Lincoln was convinced that God in his providence was intimately involved in historical events. “That the Almighty does make use of human agencies and directly intervenes in human affairs,” he said, “is one of the plainest statements in the Bible. I have had so many evidences of his direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above.”

Lincoln believed that American history and democratic government were intertwined with the will of God. He spoke of America as “this favorite land,” and of the founding of our country as “a great promise to all the people of the world to all time.” He referred to democracy as “the last best hope of earth.” He thought it was rooted in the will of God. He believed that America was a chosen nation destined to further God's plan for mankind.

The American dream expressed by Lincoln, of “a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal,” of a nation under God with a definite rendezvous with destiny, represented a later flowering of the seventeenth-century puritan conception of New England as God's new land of promise. Lincoln updated this feeling of manifest destiny. He understood the Civil War as a testing of the ancient puritan faith, and the new nation in which it issued, a testing in which he himself was involved. And he believed that the nation under God would emerge from its agonizing trial with a new birth of freedom. God's purpose would work itself out, and America would move forward into history proving that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

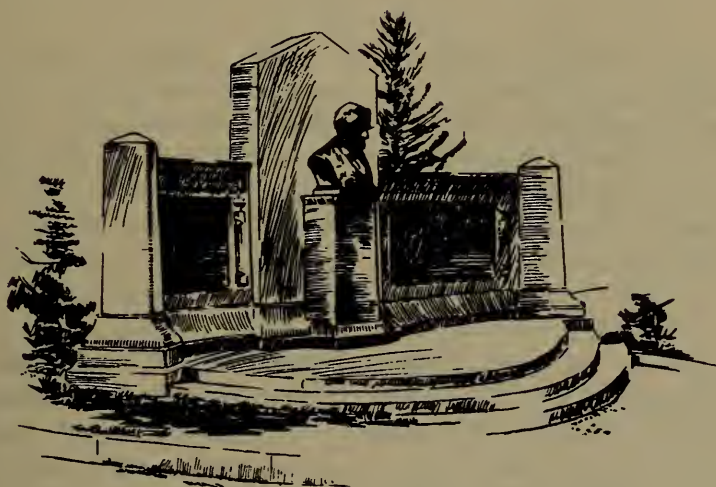
THIS was Lincoln's hope. He did not live to see his dream fulfilled. Perhaps it never was, and never will be. But it was a great vision he had, a great cause he espoused, a great faith he held. And if we, a century later, can learn from him and keep that faith of his

intact, then we will, I feel confident, with all problems and challenges we face, become better human beings and build a better nation.

Let us bow in prayer:

O GOD, we want to live out our days under Thee and make ours truly a nation "under God." Save us from the idolatry of making a god of our particular country or creed or party or race or way of life or point of view.

Keep us ever mindful of Thy transcendent sovereignty and Thy beneficent providence. And grant O most merciful Father, that in our day and generation we may achieve something worthy of Thee, so that when we pass Thy banner on to our children, they will receive it with pride, and we will be able to rest from our labors secure in the knowledge that we have built constructively and served faithfully. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



LINCOLNIANA

MR. LINCOLN was once asked by a lady about his family coat of arms. His reply was, "It is a pair of shirt sleeves, Ma'am. Would you like to see them?"

LINCOLN defined his personal rules of conduct simply. "I made a point of honor and conscience in all things, to stick to my word, especially if others had been induced to act upon it." Some other principles he claimed were "I wish to do justice to all," and "I have never tried to conceal my opinions, nor tried to deceive anyone in reference to them." "History," he said, "is not history unless it is the truth."

Do you want to grow? Learn to sift and accept criticism.

How to Handle Criticism

By Gordon Chilvers

JOHN HAD taught a Sunday school class of middle teens for sixteen years. During that time class attendance had been consistently good. Few had dropped out. Class behavior had been splendid. One pupil had become a missionary, another was in training for the ministry. Both had made their crucial decisions while in his class. Other pupils had gone out into the business world and were a credit to the Sunday school.

One day the superintendent asked to see him. Was it to receive congratulations, John asked himself? No, it was for criticism. He ought to do more visiting, the superintendent said. John had done more visiting than any other teacher. He ought to work harder at preparation, he was told. John had been a most conscientious teacher. He was deeply disturbed.

Was teaching worth the effort when this criticism was the result? Should he resign?

We all receive criticism. We cannot avoid it. We can buy insurance for many contingencies, but not for criticism. Yet how much depends on how we receive it! It can hurt us deeply. It can make us angry or miserable. For all, criticism is disturbing. Life is suddenly clouded.

A young married woman worked at a restaurant in a nearby town. Her husband's work took him away from home days on end. Neighbors frequently saw the girl getting out of a car late at night, often when her husband was away. The car driver was her employer, a kind man of unblemished character. He brought her back when she missed the last bus.

Critical words were whispered, then spoken out loud. The sensitive

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girl heard the criticism. She became afraid to walk down the streets. She ultimately committed suicide because she could not accept harsh criticism.

How can we face criticism so as to prevent its disturbing us unduly or shattering our happiness? It is possible to handle it without our suffering severely and being crippled by it.

When those who criticize us are jealous because they covet our success, the criticism may be harsh and spring from a bad motive. Some are disappointed because they have had no share in the success. Criticism can arise from prejudice. Criticism can even come because two men do not have the same exact set of Christian beliefs. As one man put it: "He represents a major denomination but you come from a little splinter group."

Having had a large share of this criticism, I have had to learn how to handle it without it disturbing my work or leaving me flattened.

Self Control Is Vital

First, we take a firm grip on ourselves. When this criticism is made, the situation is explosive. One man recently was so angered by it that he had a severe stroke within twenty-four hours. Others have written letters of resignation, usually regretting them later.

Controlling our emotions is hard. Criticism touches us where we are most vulnerable. It suggests that we are not altogether successful and the thought of failure is always objectionable. We can easily reflect

the critic's attitude and hate him for being so bold as to suggest we are blameworthy.

Taking two or three deep breaths will prevent our blood pressure from rising rapidly. Then with a prayer that we may know both peace and love for the critic, we try to examine the situation with as little emotion as possible.

At first the criticism shocks us. Then we realize that we are not the first people to get it. Everybody gets some of it. Indeed moral and spiritual greatness as well as success draws criticism as surely as flowers attract bees.

How severely Jesus Christ was criticized although he was the only perfect man! People called him a deceiver. They said a demon inspired him; that he was a Samaritan, the race of people they hated most. They falsely accused him by twisting his words and by accusing him of what he had explicitly repudiated. Their criticism ended only when they hounded him to death on false charges.

Great men have had more than their share of criticism and have learned what to do with it. These words of Abraham Lincoln are excellent guidelines: "If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might just as well be closed for any other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right could make no difference."

Having prevented our emotions becoming a runaway train, we examine the criticism objectively. We avoid the tendency to shut our minds to the criticism because we could not be wrong. This gives us the opportunity to use the criticism constructively.

We ask ourselves, "Is God speaking to us through this criticism?" Then we ask, "Is this criticism really true? If not, is it partly true?" We may find that the critic's view is totally opposed to our own. If we examine both positions, we may find truth in the other view as well as our own. When our way of doing a job is criticized, we might well ask whether it would be improved if we accepted the validity of the criticism, wholly or in part. Henry Ford was always ready to profit from criticism. We are told that when he heard people criticize any automobile he was making, he listened carefully. Then he jotted down the criticism in his notebook. This attitude led to further development in his work.

Recently a friend criticized one aspect of my preaching. I considered it carefully. The criticism was justified. I made the necessary change. I found at once that more people were edified when I preached.

When our conduct is questioned we ask, "Were we wrong? Ought we to modify our actions to prevent our being misunderstood?" Occasionally we shall agree that our critic was right and we were wrong. Possibly our examination of motives or beliefs will reveal that we are

fully right. We shall either be better for the changes or strengthened in our determination to do our best.

Evaluate the Critic

We should also take into consideration our critic's qualifications. If he has criticized our musical talent, is he a musician? What sort of person is he—kind? sincere? Is he completely unbiased? Is he free from jealous feelings? If the answer to any of these questions is *no*, we shall not take his criticism too seriously, especially if he spoke in anger. If more than one answer is *no*, then we may properly judge that his criticism comes from questionable motives.

Having controlled our emotions and evaluated the criticism, we think of the critic. The natural response to all criticism, especially when it is abusive, is to retaliate—to answer anger with anger. That is useless. Trying to get even with the man who has done injury by his outburst has never solved a problem yet. To retaliate is to stoop to the critic's own low ethical level. As Booker Washington put it: "I will not allow any man to make me lower myself by hating him." Forgiveness is a far stronger power in this world than retaliation.

An employee had been making slanderous criticism of his managing director. He was called to answer for his criticism. He expected a sharp rebuke and the dismissal he deserved. The executive looked straight at him and asked him if the report was true. He admitted it. "You have acted foolishly. The

charges you make are completely unfounded," the executive said. "If I continue to employ you, can I trust you?" he asked. The employee gave his assurance. "We will not think of it or mention the matter again," the executive responded. Forgiveness removed hostility and the critic's bitterness.

Forgiveness is the Christian method of treatment. We should look for opportunities of helping the critic in his most acute need. Our determination to seek his welfare will show that we are true children of our heavenly Father who gives sunshine and rain to all, even those who curse him or deny his existence. It will prevent our giving way to retaliation and also hasten our spiritual growth.

We can help our critic only when we try to understand him. Why was he so harsh in his criticism? The person who is constantly making hostile remarks seldom does much that is positive. He is sure to have some special difficulties. Perhaps he has been unfairly treated himself and his criticism is his sad response. Careful observation can reveal some spot where he might benefit by our help—a gift or a kind act. Our forgiving spirit can help him to inner peace instead of the unrest and misery he now knows.

A much-neglected way of helping anyone is to pray for him. In praying for our critic we are following our Lord's practice and counsel. Read about it in Matt. 5:44. Our

own help to the critic is sharply limited by our knowledge of what is best and by what we have to offer. When we pray we are enlisting the help of God who has the knowledge, the resources and the will to help. In the process, it becomes very difficult to dislike the person we pray for sincerely.

The best answer to the critic is to return good for evil. Genuine prayer should lead to our determination to help supply the good things which we have asked for our critic.

This kind of spirit has done immense good. Stanton was one of Abraham Lincoln's bitterest critics. Yet, because Stanton was the best man for the job, Lincoln made him Secretary of War. Years later, Stanton stood by the bedside of the assassinated President and said: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

We can answer harsh criticism effectively by aiming for a higher quality of Christian living ourselves. Answering criticism verbally is not always possible or advisable. Lives that show Christian maturity are the most satisfying answer to any hostile criticism.

Harsh criticism need not disturb us unduly. We can learn to handle it constructively by taking a firm grip on ourselves, examining the criticism carefully and being kind to the cruel critic. We can ask God to bring good out of the evil. Then, instead of a loss it may well become a blessing. ■ ■

"How could he understand the powers of the gods?"

The Law and the Culprit

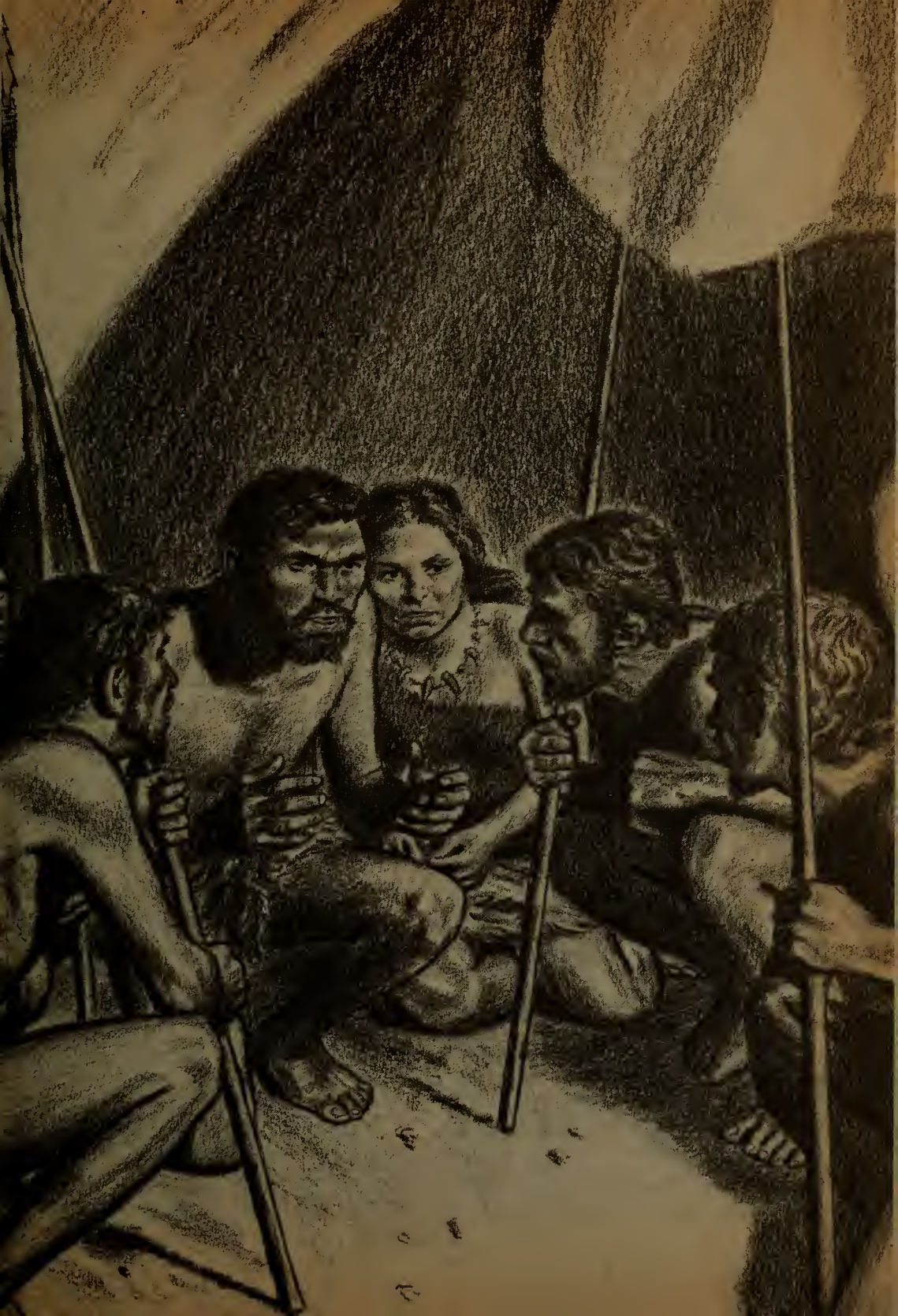
By Henry N. Ferguson

THE sun was dropping slowly into a notch in the far western hills as the man leaped onto one of the boulders that littered the mountainside. He stood motionless, a stocky, broad-shouldered figure, shaggy-headed and bearded, clad only in a fur loin-cloth, gazing intently toward a wooded hill that rose abruptly from the plain seven or eight miles away. What he saw brought a frown to his face, and tightened his mouth in a grim line. Suddenly he leaped off the boulder and made his way down the slope among the stones and coarse grass.

A small herd of goats bleated as he waded a shallow stream and climbed to the broad shelf that fronted his home. A dog barked, and then, recognizing his master, ran up to him, wagging his tail in

welcome. The skin-covered frame of tree branches which served to keep some of the wind and weather out of the cave had been pushed aside, and his wife was sitting in the entrance, stitching at skins with a bone needle. She was no longer an attractive woman. Her matted hair had thinned, and showed gray streaks. Her skin was withered and wrinkled; she was so thin that even in the sunshine of this windless day she still wore a skin cape for warmth. She was a very old woman with not much more of her life to run. Had she been able to count above the number of her twenty fingers and toes she might have known that this was the beginning of her thirty-sixth summer.

As her husband approached, with his sharpened staff in his left hand



and his stone-headed hammer swinging at his hip, her fingers paused in their sewing and she looked inquiringly up at him.

The anxious-angry expression was still on his face; he nodded, as if in answer to her unspoken question. When he began to speak, his words were few and clumsy, but they were sufficient to constitute a rough, guttural language. They told her: "Yes. He is doing it again."

She closed her eyes, and rocked her head. A slight moan escaped through her dry lips. Her husband dropped his staff, and sat down close to her.

IT is evil," she said. "How can our son be so evil? I don't understand it. He was such a lovely baby — and then to grow up to this wickedness. Why couldn't he let things be? I do not understand it."

She was silent for a moment, staring out across the valley. Then she straightened, and as she spoke again her voice took on a certain urgency. "He must be stopped. For all our sakes, he must be stopped."

The man shook his head sadly. "He has been warned — but he has not stopped. There is only one way of stopping him. Only one."

She looked down at her hands for a long moment, then she lifted her eyes again.

"I know. He was always willful. But he must be stopped, nevertheless. Even I, his mother, say that. He must be stopped before he ends by killing us all."

The man shook his head slowly again. "I do not understand it,

either. We had such hope of him. Do you remember how proud we were because he was so much quicker and more intelligent than the rest? Why should such cleverness have run to evil — to a brazenness that makes him challenge the powers of the gods in the sky, and puts us all in danger? It would have been better, I think . . ."

He was interrupted by four men, clad only in ill-fitting strips of skins, who came round the shoulder of the hill, followed by half-a-dozen women. The men were armed with weapons similar to his own, stone-headed clubs and wooden spears, but each raised an empty hand as a peaceful greeting. The man relaxed. Picking up a stone, he tossed it at the barking dog, which ran away, yelping. The men were neighbors from a group of several caves further along the mountainside, and they greeted him by name: Hagel — the left-handed one. Approaching, they squatted on the ground, their women finding places behind them.

There was an awkward pause after the greetings, then the eldest of the newcomers said, "Hagel, we have seen another blue cloud, like a mushroom, rising above the hill."

Hagel nodded his shaggy head. "I have seen it."

"It is your son, Hagel. It is Salak, doing it again."

Hagel nodded again. "I warned him of the consequences."

"But yet again he does it."

"He says he is making tests. On a day like this when there is no wind, he says, he can control it easily. He is beginning to under-

stand it, he told me. When he really understands it and is sure of controlling it there will be no danger, he says."

"If he could control it, perhaps. Hagel, we have talked much about this. It is an evil thing. Your son is meddling with powers that belong to the gods. To control them one must be a god. He is only a man."

"But he says he almost understands it now . . ."

"How could he understand the powers of the gods? Two dry seasons ago when he did this thing, it escaped from him and devoured much grass and many trees. At night it cast a great light into the sky. Last dry season it was even worse. It escaped again, and fed upon the wind. It grew, and it roared! Men, women and animals all fled before it, but it was swift and angry and they were no match for its speed. It caught many of them, and when it caught them they died. And still it was not appeased. It came on, roaring through the plains and the forests, leaping across the land, right to the foot of the mountain. And when it died at last, the land for almost a day's journey westward was withered and lifeless.

"Yet now he is doing it again, and perhaps this time it will kill us all."

Hagel nodded agreement, but took up the argument again, "He says that when he can control it we shall have a very great weapon which will destroy our enemies. I do not defend this evil, but that is what he says."

The spokesman considered for

some moments, and then shook his head.

"The proper way to kill enemies is with the club, or the spear, or the sling," he declared. "It is evil to desire the power of the gods. Already these tests of Salak's have killed fifty men, women and children who were *not* enemies. They died needlessly, just because Salak is a meddler. If he is allowed to continue, the same thing may happen to us any day."

He looked around at his companions. They nodded, and muttered agreement.

"Besides," he continued, "suppose our enemies, seeing this power, learn the secret of it and use it against us? What then?"

THE men muttered again, and this time one of the women was bold enough to join in. "This power belongs only to the gods. In human hands it is dangerous! We understand that in war men must be killed. But this power cannot tell the difference between men and women. It kills us, too! It is evil, evil!"

Hagel lifted his gaze from the ground. He spoke slowly as one who would be just. "Salak has told me it is like a dog; but when he has tamed it, it may be of great use to us. It can even warm our caves in winter."

Hagel's wife shook her head and spoke for the first time. "It is dangerous, it is evil. Salak shows no respect for the gods. He is even proud of stealing one of their secrets. What Salak does can bring

us nothing but disaster." She pulled her fur more closely around her. "Salak is a meddler. He never could leave well enough alone. We, and those before us, got along fine without this dangerous thing. My son has committed a great wrong. He must pay."

She had delivered the verdict.

Hagel picked up his stone hammer and slipped its thong slowly over his wrist. The neighbors stood up.

"Destroy him," said Hagel's wife. "Salak has done an evil thing. I renounce him. I, his mother, am ashamed."

She watched the party of men set off across the shelf and disappear beyond its edge. Presently she shivered a little.

Rising to her feet she walked back into the cave for another fur. "How would I keep warm if I didn't have my furs?" she muttered. ■ ■

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Daily Bible Readings

February

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Psalms	25:4-9
2	Luke	4:14-21

Children of Happiness and Love

3 Sunday	Zephaniah	2:1-3
4	Psalms	146:5-10
5	1 Corinthians	1:26-31
6	Matthew	5:1-12
7	Psalms	71:1-6
8	1 Corinthians	12:31-13:13
9	Psalms	95:1-7

Children of Service and Prayer

10 Sunday	Isaiah	58:7-10
11	Psalms	112:4-9
12	Matthew	5:13-16
13	1 Corinthians	9:16-23
14	Mark	1:29-39
15	Psalms	138:1-8
16	1 Corinthians	15:1-11

Children of Wisdom and Obedience

17 Sunday	1 Corinthians	2:6-10
18	Matthew	5:17-37
19	Psalms	119:1-8
20	Jeremiah	17:5-8
21	Psalms	1:1-6
22	1 Corinthians	15:12-20
23	Luke	6:17-20

Children of Life

24 Sunday	Leviticus	19:1-4
25	Psalms	103:1-13
26	1 Corinthians	3:16-23
27	Matthew	5:38-48
28	Psalms	41:1-3

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"A cause integrates an individual and brings . . . great power."

"I Got a Glory"

By Raymond M. Veh

I*N It Will Be Daybreak Soon*, Archibald Rutledge tells of ferrying across a river in a southern state. There were all kinds of people on the barge. Making the short trip frequently, he learned to distinguish the odors on the river boats. They were seldom pleasant and he was always glad to complete the crossing. On one boat called "The Glory," he saw in the engine room a fat, squalid, but immaculate man. He was different. There was peace in his eyes. He was reading his Bible.

Looking beyond this man, Rutledge saw a sight he would not forget. The boat's engines were shimmering with brightness. The floors were shiny. Everything was beauti-

ful. Rutledge at first thought it was a new engine. He said, "Sam, how did you get it to shine like that?" "Captain," he replied, "it's just this way: I got a glory."

Making that engine the finest in the southland gave him "a glory." He had found the secret for abundant living. Can we capture that "glory" of Sam? If so, how?

Our Lord himself gives us a hint in the parable of the pearl of great price. The merchant going along his way saw this glorious pearl. That pearl represented to the merchant the one outstanding good, the first great value of life, the chief glory of living. He said, "That's the pearl for me."

Many down through the centuries

Dr. Veh is a retired editor for the Evangelical United Brethren Church, who now lives at 530 Park Crest Drive, Thiensville, Wis. 53092.

have concentrated on life's "pearls." With Sam the chief value was the barge's engine. He polished it until it shone. With Abraham Lincoln it was the solidarity of the American Union. With Martin Luther it was the priesthood of the individual believer in God. With David Livingstone it was the opening of the dark continent of Africa to civilization. With St. Paul it was Christ as he exclaimed so forthrightly: "For me to live is Christ."

Is not the chief value of religion to give us a "glory" for all our years? How does it grip us and become our "magnificent obsession"?

Life Becomes Changed

This "glory" often has an unexpected beginning. Our Lord in the parable preceding the pearl tells of a farmer. In plowing his field, the farmer strikes a rock. He pulls the oxen back. His eyes catch sight of a glinting object. It seems to be a small chest. He throws back the lid and sees a trunk full of precious jewels. How often we unexpectedly come face to face with a new challenge that commandeers our very life. Such challenge may change our entire future.

Life was different for the pearl merchant after he discovered the "pearl of great price." Life will be different for us when we discover newer, bigger and truer values of life. The moment we face up to new discovery is the moment when we make new advances in living.

We associate pearls with pleasure. But the pearl has its origin in pain. Upon receiving a wound, the oyster

marshals all its forces to heal that wound. In the process of pain and struggle, a pearl results. Pain and struggle have engendered character in the lives of many heroic souls through the centuries.

This "glory" must be a sustaining purpose. It must become an unshakable conviction. It must be considered something that is unquestionably worthwhile in life. It must be preserved at all cost.

To fulfill the challenge of a worthwhile cause we dare not scatter our efforts. Life is too short to go on our daily rounds without a cause—a goal. Dr. Russell Wicks, former dean of Princeton University Chapel, says: "A cause integrates an individual and brings a residue of great power." With a cause we work toward real goals. We devote our energy to the accomplishment of that cause.

The uniqueness of Christianity is that it calls men and women not only to have a purpose, but the highest possible purpose for living now and eternally. Look about you and see how easy it is to become satisfied with seedlings (tiny, second-rate pearls). Many yield to that course. A person with a worthwhile cause, a positive goal, seeks the lustrous pearl to be truly satisfied. That implies being able to *recognize* things, thoughts, objectives of highest value. Then there must be *concentration* on life's chief goods. Only to life's finest, best, holiest values dare we give ourselves.

No Bargain Counters

This "glory" must be sublime con-

summation. Why do so many people drift through life? Why are people content with seedlings instead of mature pearls? Why do people seek things marked down in price, sometimes “shoddy” items?

There are no bargain counters in the realm of the spirit. One must pay the price of study, sacrifice, pain, if the pearl of great pride is to be possessed. This is the only way to have a “glory.”

Interestingly, the pearl must be accepted as it is. The Kohinoor diamond weighs one and one-half pounds. It could be divided into a number of perfect gems. Not so the pearl! One must possess it in its entirety or not at all.

God’s law of attaining abundant life is that the seeker cannot seek

the best one day and the second best the next day. One must search for the chief good of life daily. There dare be no “vacations” in living the good — the eternally satisfying — life.

Do you see in your mind’s eye the pearl which would bring the ultimate in life to you? Does it shimmer and glow for you? Do you resolve to hold it in your hand? People may sneer at your particular obsession but to possess the pearl is to have life’s supreme satisfaction.

Jesus intimates that the “pearl of great price” may be ours. It may be yours as you give yourself to the great “glory” — God in you. And you achieve the “glory” by God’s good grace on the surrender of self to him. ■ ■

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Matt. 13:45-46; Phil. 3:12-14; 1 Cor. 9:24-27

1. Name five famous persons in addition to those mentioned in the article and try to identify the motivating “glory” in each one’s life.
2. Does the “pearl” described by the author just happen in one’s life, or is it necessary to go out looking for it? If so, where and how does one look?
3. Where should most of our personal fulfillment come from, our jobs or our off-the-job activities? Apply your conclusion to your own situation.

Across the Lines

Brotherhood amidst war.

By Donna Adams

BY MID-1863 the Civil War had lasted far longer than almost anyone had expected. Both sides had suffered defeats and setbacks. War was clearly a dreary, costly business — not the brief show of valor so many had predicted.

Twenty miles north of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on the Mississippi River, Port Hudson had been under siege almost a year — the longest siege in U.S. military history. The Union forces had to take Port Hudson if they were to open up the Mississippi.

On June 11, 1863, as part of that siege, the Union gunboat ALBATROSS was firing on the village of St. Francisville. When the encounter ended, the ALBATROSS' chief, Lieutenant Commander John E. Hart, lay dead.

Before his death, though, Hart made a request of his officers. Hart belonged to the Masons — a fraternal order devoted to charity, brotherly love and mutual aid. And he wished to be buried with full Masonic rites.

Due to the location of the gunboat, fulfilling Hart's wish would require the aid of Confederate Masons from the same area the ALBATROSS had been firing on. No doubt feeling deeply uncertain about it all, Hart's officers met under a flag of truce with two Confederate Masons.

These two contacted the second ranking officer of the nearby Feliciana Masonic Lodge, W. E. Leake. Leake's reply was a testimony

to brotherhood that was almost unbelievable in such a bitter, distressing time.

He answered that although he was himself a Confederate officer, he considered it his duty to provide Lt. Commander Hart with a Masonic burial.

THE FUNERAL procession, after landing under a flag of truce, was met by several Confederate Masons. In Grace Episcopal Church Cemetery, Hart was buried with both military and Masonic rites.

Hart's own lodge back in Schenectady, notified of this, sent a message of appreciation. They went on to say they hoped "the fraternal bonds which bind all true Masons together may become a powerful agency in the restoration of the bonds of our common Union."

Much later, in 1906, Hart's son wrote to Leake saying the spirit of the Feliciana Masonic lodge "remained a testimony of kindness and brotherly love which cannot be told in words."

How right he was! Surmounting the bitter wall between Union and Confederate was truly a huge step — and we should never forget it. Just like these men, just like Jesus Christ crossing into hated Samaria to win a town — we must, with the Holy Spirit leading, cross any lines necessary to do his work. Whether it be lines of warfare, of jealousy, bashfulness or ignorance, we must let nothing hold us back when we can serve him.

"Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts 1:8, KJV). ■ ■

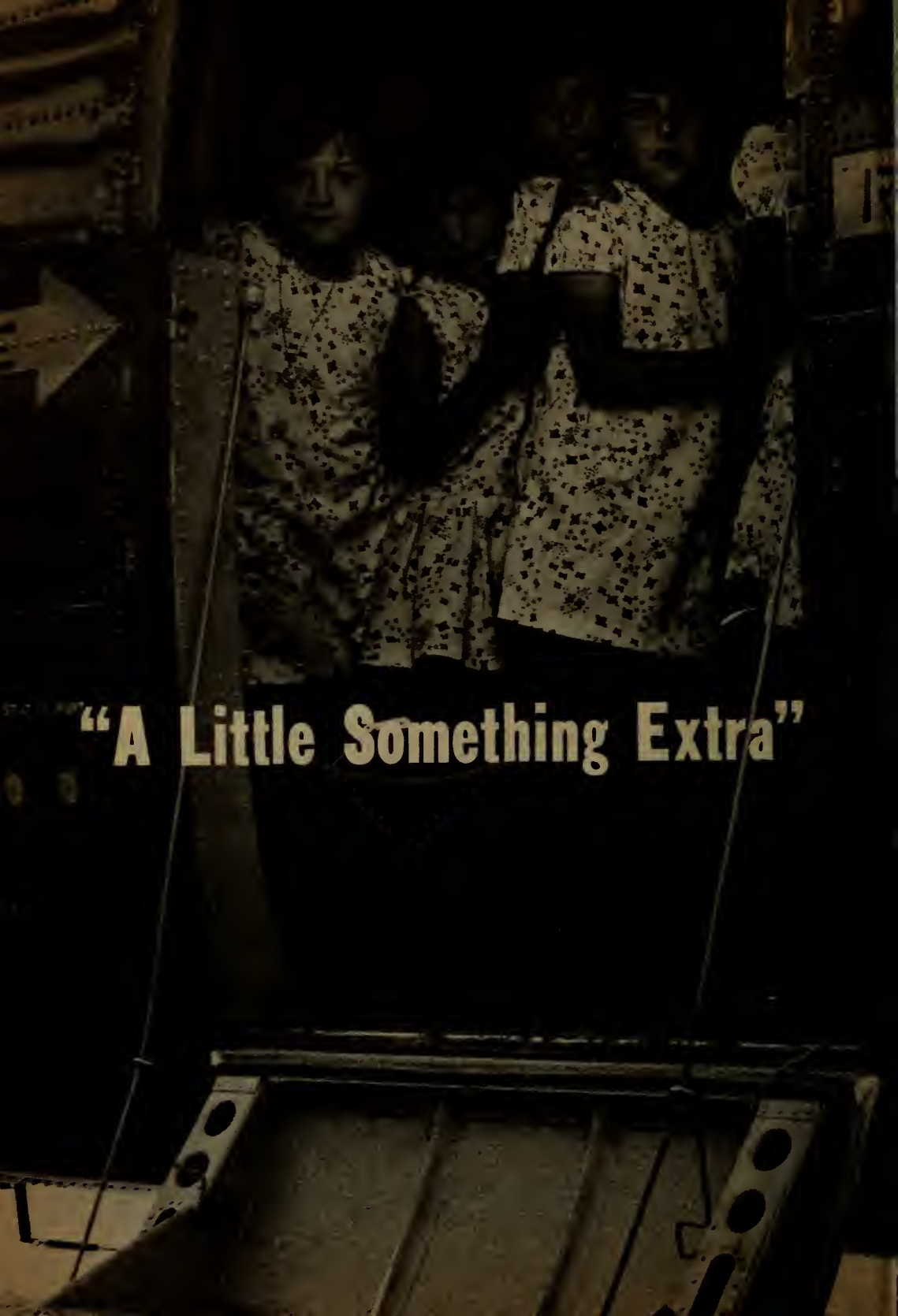
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“A Little Something Extra”

The mystique of the sea and the air holds a great attraction for children the world over. And youngsters of all nations have traditionally claimed a soft spot in the hearts of American servicemen. It isn't particularly noteworthy, then, when military units play host to children's groups in their communities. It's the natural thing to do.

What is remarkable here is the manner in which the photographer has captured the joy of the occasion. PH2 Rick Boyle is a photojournalist on the USS GUADALCANAL.

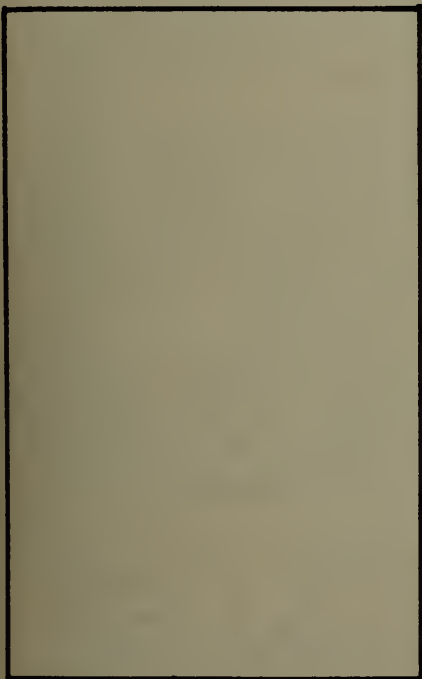
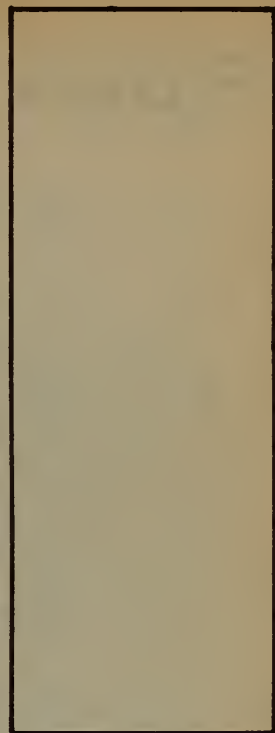
The children, Rick writes, are from the Hogar School for Children in Barcelona, Spain, an institution for young folks who have home social problems. They were invited — 47 strong — in the hope that it might provide “a little something extra” in their lives.

Their tour of the ship and especially the helicopters more than fulfilled that hope. And, as Rick's fine photos show, their visit also gave the captain and crew “a little something extra.” — “Give and ye shall receive.”



News in Pictures





Spin These!

By Wilson Breaker, Jr.



James Cleveland Presents the Gospel Workshop of America Mass Choir, Recorded Live in Los Angeles, Cal. Savoy Records; Newark, N.J. Stereo, DBL-7000: *Well Done; Father, I Stretch My Hand to Thee; Remember Me, O Lord; A Satisfied Portion; One Life to Live for God; Close to Thee; Love, Peace and Happiness; Jesus on the Mainline; The Lord Is Speaking; and Praise the Lord*. Personnel: James Cleveland, Joseph Slade, Clarence Eggleton, Cassietta George, Josephine Howard, Joan Gilbert, Barbara Bonney, Wilida Luff, Geraldine Smith, Lorraine Manuel, John Eberhard, Beverly Glenn, Deborah Lindsey and Issac Douglas — soloists; piano, bass, percussion and over-all organist — unidentified.

Since the late sixties James Cleveland, America's top gospel recording artist, has presented an annual workshop where church musicians from all over the world may gather and gain further insight into the improvisation of gospel music. A concert on closing night is the climax. This album is the fifth annual workshop concert held recently in Los Angeles, California.

All the excitement — people getting happy and praising God; the spontaneous use of free gospel improvisational technique on organ, bass, piano, etc. — is captured on this two-record set with its hit, Beverly Glenn's *Jesus on the Mainline* which is supported by organ, rock piano accompaniment, soul tambourine playing and an electrifying one-thousand-voice choir. Although the introduction to *A Satisfied Portion* is clear and clean, the rest of the song is not. James Cleveland chants *Yes Lord* in falsetto, semi-preaches *Father I Stretch My Hand to Thee*, and prays/sings *Remember Me, O Lord*. All of the big names in black gospel music were present: Beverly Glenn, Cassietta George and Issac Douglas *et al.* Get this album, for it is worth having.

It's Cool in the Furnace. Word Records; Waco, Texas. Stereo, WST-8580-LP: *Shadrach; Jerusalem Town; It Pays to Remember; Tra-La; Show Us the Dream: The King's Decree; Know When to Say No; It's Cool in the Furnace; and Let the People Praise Him.*

Personnel: Harold Bradley — guitar; Charles McCoy — harmonica and recorder; Buddy Harmon and Farrel Morris — drums and percussion instruments; Bill Pursell — keyboards; Bob Moore — bass; Mary Alice Hoepfinger — harp; Sharron Lyon — pipe organ; and Don Sheffield — trumpet.

Many times in our churches the Sunday School Departments and/or Summer Vacation Bible Classes present children's musicals which end up being very trite, and one wonders what the child has learned. Thank goodness, this trend is modifying. Grace Hawthorne and Buryl Red have recently composed a children's musical, *It's Cool in the Furnace*, based on the trials of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. It is delightful. Its musical style is eclectic: rounds, chants, gospel, calypso, folk jazz, blues and quasi-soul. Don't get upset because jazz and blues styles are included. They are tastefully done. I look forward to seeing this musical performed in our chapels and churches throughout the world. In addition, if your church musicians are not so gifted in improvisation, reel-to-reel tapes of the accompaniment used on this album are available. Get this album and perform it. The congregation will be pleasantly surprised.

Old Gem, New Settings: World Action Singers. Light Records; Waco, Texas. Stereo, LS-5549-LP: *Rise Up O Men Of God; Crown Him With Many Crowns; Lead On O King Eternal; I Surrender All; Trust and Obey; Leaning On The Everlasting Arms; He's Got The Whole World in His Hands; Tell Me The Story Of Jesus; We've A Story To Tell To The Nations; On Jordan's Stormy Banks; Swing Low; I Will Sing The Wondrous Story; Singing I Go; When We All Get To Heaven; When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder; There Is More To Life; O Happy Day; Wonderful Words of Life; and He Lives.* Personnel: Richard Roberts, John Bayley, and Patti Roberts — soloists; World Action Singers; and Ralph Carmichael — conductor.

The World Action Singers are an extra-curricular group at the Oral Roberts University. They are full-time students who rehearse from two to five hours daily and perform on nationwide television and radio. This particular album emphasizes hymns. No one can say that there are not enough songs in this album for his money — he could only say that the songs are too short. Nevertheless, each song is in contemporary style and very naturally carries the themes of faith, God's love, creation and redemption. The best arrangement is *Leaning On The Everlasting Arms*.

Readers are invited to correspond with Mr. Breaker about religious recordings. Please address him c/o The LINK, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E. Washington, D.C. 20002 (Ed.)

The Link Calendar

- Feb. 1-28** American Heart Month, by Presidential Proclamation.
- Feb. 1-28** Annual Boy Scout Month, commemorates founding in 1912.
- Feb. 1** National Freedom Day, first proclaimed in 1949.
- Feb. 2** CANDLEMAS DAY—Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in Roman Catholic, Orthodox and Anglican Churches.
Groundhog Day—if he sees his shadow when he emerges today, six weeks of winter are sure to follow.
- Feb. 3** FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY. Four Chaplains Memorial Day in honor of the clergymen who gave up their lifebelts and lives in the torpedoing of the S.S. DORCHESTER off Greenland in 1943.
- Feb. 6** Massachusetts Ratified the Constitution this day in 1788.
- Feb. 10** FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY. Boy Scout Sunday.
- Feb. 12** Lincoln born this day in 1809.
- Feb. 14** St. Valentine's Day.
Arizona became the 48th State on this day in 1912.
- Feb. 15** Birthday of Susan B. Anthony, the famous women's suffrage leader.
- Feb. 17** SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY. Brotherhood Week.
- Feb. 18** George Washington's "official" birthday, set by Public Law 90-363. A legal holiday.
- Feb. 19** Nicolaus Copernicus' Birthday; the great astronomer was born in Poland in 1473.
- Feb. 24** SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY and the SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.
- Feb. 27** ASH WEDNESDAY, the start of the penitential season of Lent. (See the Prayers for Lent, page 65.)

Books Are Friendly Things

When God Made You, He Knew What He Was Doing by James W. Angell. Fleming H. Revell Co., Old Tappan, N.J. 1972. 192 pp. \$4.95, cloth.

This is a combination of delightful and inspirational reading. The author, pastor of Claremont Presbyterian Church in Claremont, Cal., writes vividly and makes effective use of many contemporary sources in literature as he addresses issues we and our people face today. The book reads rapidly and yet it will jog our imaginations time and again with new ideas and sources. Take it on your next trip and return with a basket of ideas.

William J. Hughes

Ebony Pictorial History of Black America by the editors of *Ebony*. Three Volumes. The Southwestern Co., Nashville, Tenn. 1971. \$25.00, cloth. (Vol. I African Past to the Civil War. Vol II Reconstruction to Supreme Court Decision 1954. Vol. III Civil Rights Movement to Black Revolution.)

It is difficult to imagine contemporary people who are not informed about racial tensions and their background in our American heritage — yet there are some. If one wants an entertaining, informative survey of the History of Black America, this is a good place to begin. The writing is clear, simple and straightforward. The abundant pictures help the reader grasp our black heritage and how some contemporary racial tensions have evolved.

The most helpful sections cover Colonial America, the Reconstruction Era and the period after World War I. Covering more recent events, it stresses the integrationist position as opposed to the separationist stance. However, every treatment has perspective, and the advantage of learning from different perspectives rather than finding books with which we agree is one beneficial pleasure of study.

This is a good reference set, and offers the reader a refreshing and ably compiled survey of Black American History. Needed now are similar works for other ethnic/racial minorities.

William J. Hughes

Barefoot in the Church by Donald R. Allen. John Knox Press. 1972. 178 pages. \$5.95.

House churches grass-roots approach to the Christian faith offers laymen and clergy a dynamic new way of experiencing worship, mission and religious growth. Donald R. Allen tells the story of many house churches but particularly the growing pains and joys of his congregation in Virginia.

Soon after its organization (1972) this congregation said "no" to traditional churchly buildings and functions and began seeking a reason for being as a house church. It is a story of the struggle to find their Christian mission and how it relates to their total congregation and denomination. It is stimulating and exciting reading.

Henry Duhan

Worth Repeating

(Being material borrowed from QUOTE and SUNSHINE magazines)

Another thing we have never been able to figure out is, how people who are not any smarter than we are manage to get along so much better!

Poise: Looking like an owl after behaving like a donkey.

If and when they start using feminine astronauts, the space program will really begin to shape up.

Adolescence is the awkward age in the life of a youngster. They're too old for an allowance and too young for a credit card.

People who live in glass houses might as well answer the doorbell.

The cookbook is a volume that is brimful of stirring passages.

Life is full of ups and downs, especially when you sit next to the aisle in the theater.

No man ever becomes either very good or very bad suddenly.

The trouble with most of us is that we would rather be ruined with praise than saved by criticism.

Prayers

for Keeping Lent

OUR FATHER, bring peace into our own hearts — the peace that comes from a surrender of our wills to Thee. Bring peace into our life together, the peace that comes from a common purpose and a united loyalty to Christ. Bring peace to our country and to the world, that the nations may grow beyond bitterness and hatred and injustice into trust and honest friendship one with another. Amen.

— Anonymous

FORGIVE me my sins, O Lord; forgive me the sins of my youth and the sins of my age, the sins of my soul and the sins of my body, my secret and my whispering sins, my presumptuous and my crying sins, the sins that I have done to please myself, and the sins that I have done to please others. Forgive me those sins which I know, and those which I know not; forgive them, O Lord, forgive them all of Thy great goodness.

— The Private Devotions of Bishop Andrews, 1555-1626.

O LORD JESUS, because being full of foolishness we often sin and have to ask pardon: help us to forgive as we would be forgiven, neither mentioning old offenses committed against us, nor dwelling on them in thought, nor being influenced by them in heart; but loving each other freely as Thou lovest us, for Thy Name's sake.

— Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894.

O ALMIGHTY GOD, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; grant unto thy people that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

— The Gelasian Sacramentary, A.D. 494.

At Ease!

(Being material borrowed from
QUOTE and SUNSHINE magazines)

Jean had been naughty and had been sent into the den to think things over. After a while she came out all smiles and said: "I thought and I prayed."

"Fine," said her mother. "That will help you to be good."

"Oh, I didn't ask God to help me to be good," said the child. "I just told him to help you to put up with me."

"I wonder who made her dress?" one Hollywood producer asked another as the two watched the leading performer at the girlie show.

"Probably the police," he replied.



"Aye! Aye! Sir!"

The new bride called up the gas company's test kitchens. "How can I improve the taste of salt?" she asked.

The bored voice at the other end of the line suggested, "Try slipping a nice big steak under it."

Mother: "What are you jumping up and down for, Bobby?"

Bobby: "I took my medicine and forgot to shake the bottle."

Traffic Policeman (stopping lady driver): "Lady! When you came around that corner, I said to myself, 'Forty-five at least.'"

Lady driver: "Oh no, Officer, it's this dress; it always makes me look five years older."

Two young men were camping out. They were settling down for the night when one looked up at the bright full moon and exclaimed, "Did you ever see anything like that!"

"Ah," his friend replied with a sigh, "but remember how it looked before it was walked on?"

A section foreman was required for the first time to make out an accident report after a train had struck a cow. He checked all the facts carefully and answered all the questions in the form he was filling out only after conscientious deliberation. When he came to the last question, "Disposition of the carcass?" he scratched his head, took a last look at the dead cow, and wrote, "I think she was kind of gentle."





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